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The Game of War

-:- Or -:-

A Child Hero

By Frank Hampton Fox

"SEND this telegram to Kitchener." The speaker was a gaunt, sun-blackened, fever-flushed Englishman in worn and faded khaki

The clerk of the Eden Palace Hotel in Cairo eyed with astonishment the apparition leaning against the desk for support. "Do what?" he exclaimed.

"Send—telegram to Kitchener and call—Doctor Bertram—from the British Hospital," said the Englishman, swaying a little as he spoke.

"Kitchener is dead," announced the man at the desk, with brutal abruptness.

"Dead!" echoed the traveler dully, as if unable to comprehend. Then, "No," he said slowly; "you're mistaken; they can't kill Kitchener. They've tried that too many times."

"Kitchener went down on the Hampshire yesterday," reiterated the clerk, almost irritably.

The stranger's cork helmet fell to the floor with a thud, and he would have followed it if Dodgson, the proprietor of the Eden Palace, had not caught his arm and supported him to a chair.

The clerk picked up the piece of paper that had slipped from the Englishman's fingers, and read with a puzzled expression. Its laconic contents of two figures and two letters were absolutely meaningless to him.

"1, 2. V. C.—STANLEY."

"Call Doctor Betram, quick," ordered Dodgson.

A few minutes later, the portly doctor bent over his patient, who was lying in a semi-conscious condition where they had placed him on a couch in the parlor.

"Why, Stanley," exclaimed the surgeon, "where have you been?"

Stanley stared a moment, then held out his withered hand in greeting.

"In the desert," he announced tersely.

"Too much sun and not enough rest and nourishment," said the doctor. "Dodgson, give Stanley a front room overlooking the park. The hospital is full; besides, what he needs is rest and a good nurse. The Eden Palace is a better place for him than the hospital."

"A nurse, did you say?" Stanley inquired, opening his eyes with that look of half-dazed inquiry which seemed to have become their set expression. Then, "Can you send Miriam?" he inquired, a slight tinge of color mounting to his cheeks.

"I'll see," said the Doctor.

The red sun sank behind the pyramids of Gizeh, those massive monuments of a dead past. The sultry atmosphere vibrated with waves of heat rising like

the fevered breath from the tortured earth. Not a leaf moved in the park across the street. The stately palm trees stood motionless like somber pall-bearers at the funeral of some mighty monarch. The long train of heavy-laden camels moved with sweeping stride along the dusty street. From the lofty minaret of the mosque of Sultan Hassan came the muezzin's call to evening prayer. A wandering dervish spread his mat in the middle of the street and knelt to perform his evening's devotions.

This son of the desert was utterly oblivious of the throng passing on either side of him; neither did the camels groaning beneath their heavy burdens disturb his devotions. These beasts were accustomed to pass around such obstacles in their path. An automobile filled with Europeans came speeding down the street, leaving a trailing cloud of dust behind them. The discordant notes of the claxon disturbed the reverie of the devotee from the desert. He leaped into the air as tho he had been stung by a poison adder; seizing his prayer mat in one hand and shaking his fist at the hated foreigners and at the same time spitting at them like a venomous snake, he fled to some quieter place to complete his devotions.

The Arab girl, who had been watching this animated street scene with amused interest from a window in Stanley's room in the Eden Palace Hotel, turned away with a startled look that told of sudden fear and apprehension. Stanley moved and she hastened to his side.

"What's going on out there, Miriam?"

"Sir Arthur M'Mahon, the High Commissioner, and his secretary, I think, went past. The chauffeur startled a dervish at his devotions in the street. The old man was very angry."

"That is only a passing phase of this game of war which we're all playing," answered Stanley.

Miriam turned his pillow and bathed his forehead in a cooling liquid. As she turned away to resume her place at the window, Stanley detained her with his outstretched hand, which she held tenderly for a few minutes until he fell asleep.

Miriam was a splendid specimen of Arab womanhood. Her slender body was a veritable dynamo, fairly quivering with animation. She radiated energy so forcefully that all who came in contact with her soon became charged with some of her contagious vigor. From her wavy black hair the sparks of electricity snapped and flashed when she brushed it, like a miniature electrical display. Back of her large dark eyes smoldered the fiery passions of her desert race.

Stanley had discovered her four years before at Khamis Mishet. They soon became devoted to each other, and it was he who suggested to her that she go to Cairo and take training in the British Hospital. Being an orphan girl without relatives, except an uncle who had a large family of his own, she acted on Stanley's suggestion. He had recommended her to the superintendent, and had also induced Doctor Bertram to take a personal interest in his Arab protegee. He was in England with Kitchener when the war began, and had not seen Miriam until the day he reached Cairo after the desert had well-nigh drained his last drop of vitality.

He was fascinated with the wonderful transformation which he saw in her. He found it difficult to associate this capable trained nurse with the Arab girl he had known in Khamis Mishet, a few years before. Occasional letters had passed between them during the two years of the war, but letters are powerless to disclose the charming atmosphere that surrounds the unfolding character of a woman. They convey no grace of movement, no outline of form or noble carriage of the head. In a letter there is no tone of voice to thrill nor flashing eye to conquer. That day when Stanely first saw her in the neat garb of a nurse, he murmured softly:

"What winning graces, what majestic mien,
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Henceforth she was in truth his queen. When he was awake, his eyes followed her as she moved about the room with that grace peculiar to the Arab women. When the fever flushed his cheeks and he tossed in restless delirium, she was the subject of his ravings. As she laid her hand on his fevered brow it seemed to possess a potent charm for the fiery demon that was burning his blood, and he soon subsided into peaceful slumber.

A suffocating night followed the stifling day; Stanley tossed restlessly. Miriam looked at the time.

"One o'clock, the hour when our Arabs believe that the death angel rides the khamsin."

She rang for a servant, once, twice, three times; finally a Nubian waiter responded to her summons. His face was as black as polished ebony. His set, sullen mouth and half-closed eyes gave him an evil and menacing expression.

"Bring me some ice," Miriam directed.

"No ice," he answered.

"Ahmed, I must have ice for the sick man."

"Me not know place where keep ice, all finnee," answered the Nubian.

"Show me the way to the cook-room," she ordered.

"Finnee," repeated the black in helpless protest.

"Show me the way and I'll find the ice."

Ahmed obeyed, muttering against the Englisher. He lead the way to the kitchen. A goodly supply of the frozen liquid was disclosed to Miriam's view when she opened the big ice box. Selecting a ten-pound piece, she directed him to put it into a big pan and carry it to the sick man's room. As she followed the still protesting black, her keen eyes detected moist earth on his clothes.

"Where have you been, Ahmed?" she demanded sharply.

"Out on the street trying to sleep, until you troubled me," he answered doggedly.

She knew that he lied, but preferred that he should think that he had deceived her. After she had placed an ice pack on Stanley's head and he was resting quietly, she sat by the window. Already flaming Sirius was casting his red glow across the eastern sky. A vision of the dervish spitting at the High Commissioner in the car came before her mind. The queer appearance of Ahmed and his insolent bearing troubled her.

"The top of the ground in the Nile valley is black," she said aloud in her soliloquy; "one must dig down deep to find moist yellow sand. Where has Ahmed been?"

Rays of light darted across the eastern sky; native Cairo was beginning to awake. Camel boys appeared, driving their beast out of pasture. Gardeners shouted and beat their donkeys, across whose backs great hampers of vegetables were suspnded, reaching down to within a few inches of the ground.

The sight of one man who was hurrying along the street below caused Miriam to forget all the rest of the animated throng.

"Mehmet Ali!" she exclaimed under her breath; "why is he abroad at this early hour?"

A slight shudder passed over her as she saw the fanatical young nationalist enter the Eden Palace. A year before she had nursed him thru a severe sickness in the hospital. Since then he had been infatuated with the desire to possess her, and insanely jealous of any man who even cast an admiring glance in her direction. She had rejected all of his advances from the beginning; but in spite of this he had a subtle way of intercepting her whenever she appeared on the streets or walked in the park.

"His return to Cairo is not good for the English," she said to herself.

The muezzin from the minaret of Sultan Hassan, in a clear, piercing tenor, summoned the faithful to morning prayer, and Miriam turned to her patient, who stirred and asked for a drink. The narrow-necked earthen bottle was empty. She stepped out into the hall to ring for a fresh supply and stood face to face with Mehmet Ali.

"What are you doing in the Eden Palace?" he demanded in an imperious tone.

"I'm nursing a sick man," she said simply and rang the bell, taking no further notice of the speaker, tho her brain was pulsating with excited inquiry. There was about Mehmet Ali that which a European probably would not have noticed, but her keen Arab sense detected instantly the odor of damp earth, and her penetrating gaze noted moist yellow sand clinging to his garments, as there had been to those of Ahmed.

"What man?" he inquired.

She hesitated a moment before replying to a question that was none of his business; yet in the hope of disposing of him quickly she answered:

"An Englishman who has the fever."

At that moment Ahmed came shuffling down the hall with the bottle of water. She took it and turned to enter the room.

"What's the Englisher's name?" demanded Mehmet Ali, stepping in front of her.

This was the question she had dreaded; but to avoid a disturbance, she answered with apparent unconcern:

"His name is Stanley." She tried to enter the room.

Mehmet Ali's face became livid.

"Aha! Stanley, the Englishman who turned your silly head so you can't look at a man of your own class. You'd rather be the Englishman's concubine than the wife of a noble Egyptian."

Miriam trembled with fury at his wanton insult. From within Stanley called her name in a feeble voice.

"Stand aside!" she said with flashing eye. "I will not hear you further!"

He obeyed, but as a parting thrust called after her:

"We'll fix your English lover—and you, if you are not careful."

A flurry of excitement swept thru the Eden Palace. It began when the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur M'Mahon, entered the front door; it extended in ever-widening circles, invading the kitchen where cooks and dishwashers rushed to the swinging doors to catch, if possible, a glimpse of his excellency. When he inquired for Richard Stanley and the proprietor himself led the way to his rooms, the hall servants caught the infection.

"How is the sick man?" Sir Arthur inquired in a jovial tone. He was a man who inspired confidence and radiated good cheer wherever he went.

"Fine as gold, sir," said Doctor Bertram, rising to greet the High Commissioner. "Thanks to a vigorous constitution and watchful nursing, we're on the point of discharging him as cured." Turning to the patient: "Mr. Stanley, meet his excellency, Sir Arthur M'Mahon, High Commissioner of Egypt."

Stanley started to rise; but the Commissioner checked the move with a deprecatory wave of his hand.

"You're still nominally a sick man; all formalities are dismissed." Then briskly he came to his point:

"They have wired me from London requesting an explanation of an enigmatical message which was sent at your request the day you arrived here. No one in the office of the Secretary of War could even guess the significance of the first and second digits separated by a punctuation mark. The letters V. C., ordinarily understood by all, are a puzzle in this connection."

"If your excellency will be seated, I will explain the secret mision on which I was sent by Lord Kitchener, nearly six months ago. Don't go, Doctor Bertram; I wish both you and Miriam to hear my story," said Stanley.

"I shall be glad to know what you've been doing all of these months in the desert," said the Doctor, resuming his seat.

Miriam modestly stood back against the wall, her dark eyes fixed upon Stanley's face.

"You know I was one of the engineers engaged on the Euphrates-Tigris irrigation project, when Lord Kitchener was made Consul-General of Egypt. I belonged to his engineers in the Sudan campaign in 1898. On several occasions we squirmed out of tight places together; I was only 18 and he felt a personal interest in me above my actual worth. When he came to Egypt as Consul-General, he sent for me to meet him in Cairo. I dropped everything and came; I'd go to the ends of the earth for that man, sir. I reported to him here in Cairo and he said:

"'Stanley, I remember how you made friends of the Arabs in our Sudan expedition. I want you to spend two or three years cultivating the acquaintance of the sheiks in Arabia and Upper Egypt. You're my private secretary, with duties in the desert rather than in a dusty office. You speak Arabic like a native born to the tongue; I want you to live like the Arabs, and so completely adapt your life to theirs that you think and feel in Arabic.'

"Well, sir, after nearly three years I knew the sheiks of Arabia and Egypt as well as I did the members of the football team at Eton when I was one of the eleven. I was bound in blood covenant with most of them."

"What's that?" inquired the Doctor.

"The ceremony is a simple one in its main features—the sheik opens a vein in his left arm next to his heart and squeezes out a few drops of blood which the other man sucks into his mouth. Then he in turn opens a vein in his arm and the sheik takes that blood with his lips. Men bound by the blood covenant are loyal unto death, turning even against the members of their own households, if need be, to protect a brother by the covenant of blood.

"I reported to the Great Sirdar, as we called him, here in Cairo, all that I had done with the sons of the desert. He seemed to attach much greater importance to the work than I did.

"He said: 'I am sure this is a good piece of work; if England should ever engage in a great war, the enemy will attempt to strike at the Canal and cut off communication with India. If they could rally the tribesmen for the attack, it would be a serious matter for us to defend Suez and Egypt. Personal friendship counts for far more with the Arabs than diplomatic relations or treaty obligations. You've done a good piece of work.'

"He repeated, 'Come with me to England and rest a while, and we will return and continue our work for the education of this people and the development of the country.'

"'Well, sir, the war spoiled our vacation. Lord Haldane told Premier Asquith that the work of the War Office was too big for one or even both of them and that Kitchener was the only man. I agreed with them, so I determined to take myself to the trenches and called to tell Lord Kitchener so, but he said:

"'Stanley, I must send you on a perilous mission. Our armies are losing prestige in the near East; this may prove disastrous to our Empire at Suez and in Egypt. I fear Lake will not be able to extricate Townsend from Kut-el-Amara. Failure there and at the Dardanelles may entail serious results along the Canal. The Turks are organizing an atack under the direction of German engineers and officers on our most vulnerable point. Should the Arabs join them in this attack on Suez and Egypt, the Empire will be in imminent peril of dismemberment. Hold the Arabs back and the Turks are doomed to fail.

"'Now, Stanley, a man's life is worth just what he can sell it for in this game of war. I want you, for the sake of England and for the sake of the foreign residents in Egypt and the Sudan, to undertake what our armies may not be able to accomplish.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Simply this: You will sail tonight for Aden. You should land there the last of December. Purchase two good camels, sacred ones if you can, for the Arabs are very superstitious, you know. Secure a trustworthy attendant and plunge into the desert. Visit every sheik, don't overlook one; they're a jealous lot, and even an imaginary slight may make a man a dangerous enemy. Secure from every sheik a pledge not to join in the attack on England and Egypt. A second thing I hope you can accomplish is to organize a race-wide revolt of the Arabs against the Turks. You know they always resented the usurpation of the sultanate by the Osmanlis.'

"'I'm ready, my lord, to undertake any enterprise that you think I can carry thru.'

"'Thank you,' he said, 'I knew you would.' And he added:

"'I warn you, don't attempt to make any reports; no matter what occurs, do not attempt to communicate with me. Such an attempt might thrust us into new perils. I shall know that you are doing your best. I shall expect to hear from you by the first of June—that allows you six months for your expedition. Cable me from Cairo; the first digit will inform me that you have achieved the first object, the second will declare your success in both objects. You may be sure of a V. C. if successful.'

"'I'll do my best, sir,' was all that I could say.

"'Stanley,' he said, taking my hand, 'this is the most daring enterprise ever attempted by one man.' He hesitated a moment and added: 'I'd like to have your chance.'

"That was the last time that I saw the Great Sirdar."

There was a reverent hush in the room. The Doctor cleared his throat, after which the Commissioner said: "Tell us about your experiences thru the desert."

"Of that little need be said. I know the camel trails leading to the village of every sheik in Arabia; I have broken bread and eaten salt with the mightiest of them. But that which is of infinitely greater importance in this game of war is that I have their inviolate pledge of loyalty to England." Turning to Miriam, he said: "Bring me the parchment from that leather wallet in the inside pocket of my blouse."

In a moment she handed him a long strip of carefully folded parchment. Stanley unfolded it, displaying two columns of signatures from top to bottom of the long strip. The two men stared at the document in amazement.

"Where did you get that red ink?" exclaimed Doctor Bertram in astonishment.

"That," answered Stanley, with a smile, "is the crimson life current from the veins of the tribesmen. Signatures written in their life blood pledge every drop of blood, not only of the sheik, but of each member of his tribe, to maintain the guaranty."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" declared the excited High Commissioner, rising and walking back and forth across the room. "No victory of his majesty's armies on the land or of his ships on the sea can compare with this achievement by one man."

"That is not all," continued Stanley, producing another strip of parchment, somewhat shorter than the other. "Here is the pledge of a thoroly organized revolution of the Arabs against the Turks. This is to be under the leadership of the Shereef of Mecca, an experienced soldier, one in whom all of the tribesmen have unbounded confidence. They are organizing and arming; the day that the Turkish army strikes at Suez, or even before, the tribesmen will strike from the desert."

"Great!" ejaculated Bertram. "Great!" he repeated, as he wiped his bald head

LOOK out next week for a great Ledger story, entitled, "THE SERPENT'S BRIDE; or, AN INDIAN SECRET." It is a very novel and unusual story; better read it. Boys, keep your eye out for a brand new kind of story, called, "MOTION PICTURE BOYS; or, ON A CAMERA HUNT." It will be in the Ledger week after next. It's a corker. Read it. We have some of the best stories ever written, and they will be appearing in the Ledger right along, so don't desert the good old ship.

with a silk bandana. His blue eyes danced with delight; he arose with the alacrity of a Greek athlete. But he soon realized that five feet six inches perpendicular with five feet in circumference is not favorable to great physical exertion, especially when the mercury perches on the one hundred and tenth step of the thermometric stairway, and from that lofty height looks down pitilessly on sweltering humanity. He subsided into his chair, remarking that if he were younger he would go to the desert and direct the medical corps.

"They have secured the services of two hundred graduates from the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyroot," said Stanley.

"This is magnificent," said Sir Arthur McMahon. "You have explained the meaning of the enigmatical message. The importance of keeping your mission absolutely secret is apparent; extreme caution must still be observed, or the Turks may not run into the net that is spread for them in the desert. We shall arrange to send you to England with your precious documents; the sea voyage will do you good and soak the desert out of you."

Stanley spoke in a low, reminiscent tone:

"The great Sirdar attributed much of his success to silence; very few knew of his plans. He preferred to be misunderstood rather than prematurely to disclose his purposes, which might easily become instruments of peril in the hands of his enemies."

Two days after this recital Miriam returned to her work in the hospital, but not until she and Richard had pledged their troth each to the other. When the game of war was played to the finish they would marry Until then, they must be loyal to their tasks.

The morning that Miriam returned to her duties at the hospital she met Pito, a little Arabian waif, crying the Egyptian Mail on the streets. A year before she had found this crippled lad sick and apparently dying. He was so tiny and emaciated that she had picked him up in her arms and carried him to the hospital, where Doctor Bertram treated him and she nursed the little outcast back to life. From that time Pito was Miriam's devoted slave.

As he limped along beside her that morning, she laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder and shortened her steps to his.

"Pito," she said in a low tone, "I want you to do a daring thing for me."

They were startled by the hum of an aeroplane flying over the city.

"What is it?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Defend Egypt from the Turks?"

"No, not that; but something that may be as important as that."

"I'll do it, Lady Miriam," he said, seizing her hand in his little bony palm.

"Pito, do you know Mehemet Ali and Ahmed the Nubian?"

"Yes."

"Pito, give me the Arab pledge of silence."

"To the death, Lady," and he laid a tiny brown finger on his closed lips, the Arab pledge of secrecy.

They were at the hospital now, and she drew him inside where she might speak to him alone without fear of being observed or overheard.

"Follow those men tonight and every night until you discover what they are doing, then come and tell me at once."

"I'll do it, Lady."

He made a graceful salaam and fled to the street like some wild creature. Miriam, with a new flush on her cheeks, reported for duty and received an assignment.

* * * * * * *

A solemn hush fell over the British Empire; both humble and great bowed in mourning for the illustrious dead. For nearly two years households of the Empire had mourned for individual dead; but on this day the Empire paid its tribute of respect to Lord Kitchener. In London the King and Queen and Parliament led in the memorial services for the fallen Chief.

Nowhere outside of London was there more sincere mourning for the "Great Sirdar," as they loved to call him, than in Egypt. From the day that Cairo received the news of his death, it had been announced thru the Egyptian Mail and other papers, that on the day that memorial services were held in London, the English would assemble in All Saints' Church in Cairo for a similar observance. The High Commissioner and his official family, and all of the representative English in the city, were to be there.

As the hour of the service drew near, automobiles, carriages, and trolley cars began bringing the English from all parts of Cairo to All Saints' Church.

Miriam was anxious, for Pito had not reported to her as he had promised. She had looked eagerly for him whenever she was relieved from duty. Nowhere could the little waif be found. His absence caused her to fear that he was sick, or perhaps had been killed in some street accident of which she had no knowledge. Stanley was to leave early the next morning for Alexandria, where he would sail for England the same evening.

She was relieved from duty, and should have used the time for rest, but anxiety sent her out on the street. Why she walked toward All Saints' she did not even ask herself. When she was within a few blocks of the place she stopped and watched the people passing in to service. She was startled from her reverie by a childish voice crying:

"Lady! Lady!"

"Why, Pito," she exclaimed, "where have you been, and what have they done to you?"

His face was cut and swollen; his clothes were rags, and he was covered with dirt.

"They tried to kill me, Lady." The big brown eyes swam with tears, and the little thin lips quivered so that he could not speak.

He seized her hand and drew her after him down an alley to the rear of an unoccupied building back of the church. His frail body shook with excitement. She gripped his hand reassuringly. The big bell began to toll for the service. Pito flung open an old door, disclosing the entrance to an unused cellar under the rear of the building.

"What is it, Pito?" asked Miriam.

The boy shook with terror. "The English they all die quick!" He expelled his breath with a quick puff. "So!"

Miriam's quick intuition told her more than the words.

"Down there?" she demanded, already descending the half-rotted steps into the cellar. Pito nodded his head and brushed ahead of her. At first it was impossible to see anything in the dark hole. Pito led her to the opening of the tunnel that had been dug under the church. She put her hands against the wall for support, and they touched two wires.

"Quick, Pito, run to the church, and tell the guard at the door that Miriam must speak at once with Mr. Richard Stanley, and that the English must get out quick. Fly, Pito, and close the door behind you!"

The boy cast one anxious look at her, and obeyed as promptly as any officer of King or Kaiser.

The bell had ceased tolling; the service had begun. Any instant the electric current might be sent over the covered wires she held in her hands, scattering death in that crowded building. She remembered Ahmed's threat and Mehmet Ali's insulting remark. Something must be done. Pito might fail; Stanley might be where they could not reach him; they might not heed the waif's warning. She gave the wires a vigorous jerk. But the work had been well done. As she let her hand drop, she felt the scissors hanging at her belt. Eagerly she seized them and began to cut the wire. Her fingers ached, as she cut thru the covering, then thru one strand of wire after another. One wire fell at her feet, but she was not certain that the other might not discharge the mine, and she attacked that with all the strength she could command. The door opened—she heard but did not turn—Pito had made a quick trip.

A strong hand gripped her and an infuriated voice hissed:

"Demon! Devil! You'll save the English, will you?"

A dagger was poised in the air; she wrenched herself free. There was a crashing blow, and Mehmet Ali fell forward on his face, the dagger in his outstretched hand splitting her skirt from the waist to her feet.

"Miriam, are you hurt?" exclaimed Stanley.

"No."

Pito threw his arms around her in frantic joy, drawing her away from where she stood.

"The pit is there; they threw me in the first night I followed them. I thought I would die, and I would have, Lady, if I hadn't given you the Arab's oath to bring you word. I dug my way up step by step."

"You're a hero, Pito," said Stanley, whose turn it was to give generous praise. "Few men have played a bigger or better part in the game of war than you."

Soldiers with flashlights appeared; Mehmet Ali moved.

"Take this double-dyed villain and see that he does not escape," said Stanley. "We're not any of us worth much. A woman and a crippled boy carry off first honors in the game of war in Egypt."

"You'll save the English, will you!"

* * *

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

The Baybury's arrived at the summer settlement, having purchased their cottage in a sudden attack of country fever.

"It's all right," Baybury declared, a day or so after their arrival, "but I feel so out of it all! Everybody appears to know everybody else, and we don't know anybody. There isn't what you might call neighborliness!"

"We aren't acquainted," said Mrs. Baybury, explanatorily. "It'll be all right another season."

They had been there so short a time that they had not encountered the summer darkness that covers the land outside of the city. Dwellers in populous communities forget about darkness with their electric lights on every hand. Consequently Baybury, starting to row home from a business trip across the lake, scorned the offer of a lantern.

"You'd better take it," said the man he had gone to see. "It'll be late when you reach the other side and hit those woods, and it gets dark all of a sudden. You won't be able to find your way."

Baybury smiled tolerantly. "All I've got to do," said he, "is to walk straight back from the shore fifty rods and I'm home. No, thank you."

Baybury struck out manfully, rowing directly across the lake. He was surprised to find how dark it was when his boat grated on the shore. By the time he had moored it and started away he was engulfed in a velvety blackness that was weird and appalling. Holding his hand before him, Baybury could not see it.

"Ouch!" he cried when he walked into a tree. Then he backed violently into another. Then he looked about him. Some creature, which he afterward learned was a tree toad, made distracting noises over his head.

"This is odd," said Baybury. "I thought there was a house here on the shore. Well, I'll strike back into the woods and find my own place!"

When you try to walk holding your hands before your face in momentary expectation of hitting a tree, an expectation being realized nine times out of ten, your progress is quite slow.

Suddenly Baybury catapulted over a rail fence and landed on something that was bunched and soft.

"Hens!" gasped Baybury, recovering himself amid a wild clatter and clucking and distracted flopping. He had landed directly on a chicken roost under the trees and from the noise he concluded that there were millions of chickens having convulsions everywhere about him.

Among the trees a light poured forth as a door opened and people rushed out. Crashing thru the fence, Baybury hastened off in the darkness, but not before he heard a masculine voice declare with emphasis he would shoot the chicken thieves that had been robbing him.

Stumbling on over a cleared space, Baybury wondered where he was. He wondered until he walked plump into a broad and hard surface. Feeling carefully with his fingers, he decided that the hard surface was boards, hence it was a building. Following it on to the corner he turned the corner, followed another expanse of boards, turned another corner, went on a little way and of a sudden plunged headlong thru space and landed on a hard floor. A horse stamped within a stall.

"It's a barn," said Baybury, with intelligence.

He got up, fell over a pitchfork, which brought down with a bang and a clatter some tin object. Making a dash for the door thru which he had come, Baybury collided with a man rushing in, grappled him and escaped.

"You'll get a bullet next time!" shouted the man. "We ought to have police protection around here! It's an outrage! Horse stealing at our very doors!"

Baybury plunged and ran wildly. His brow, that had hit many a tree, was swelling fast, his straw hat was smashed and ragged. Then he saw a dim light and headed toward it. His progress was impeded by things that clung to him and snapped as he stepped. Then he knocked.

"Go away!" cried a feminine voice. "I never open the doors after dark when my husband is not here! I don't care who you are—and if you came that way you walked right thru my flower garden, and if you've ruined it I'll never forgive you!"

Baybury stumbled on miserably, with no sense of direction. Finally another light appeared before him. He dropped on his hands and knees and felt the ground gingerly. It was bare of flowers, chickens and barns. Carefully he crawled toward the light, and at last timidly knocked on a door. It was opened.

"Beg pardon," he said humbly, "but could you direct me to the cottage that was lately bought by Mr. Baybury? The yellow one, you know. I seem to have lost my way."

"You're crazy," said Mrs. Baybury, "You're at home now. Where on earth have you been?"

"Oh," said Baybury, as he wearily entered, "I've just been around getting acquainted with the neighbors. Somehow, I don't feel nearly so lonesome as I did!"

* * *

SAFETY FIRST.

A man observed that in these days of change and trying to keep up with Lizzie he had made it a rule never to ask a man how his wife was if he hadn't kept track of the pair for a couple of months. The rule was the result of his having said to a woman: "I had a long talk with your husband yesterday," and her reply: "Had you, indeed? He's a very interesting man, as I remember him."

Miss Blunt, Detective

-:- Or -:-

Mystery Within Mystery

By Crittenden Marriott

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CHAPER IV.

DOCTOR MAYBURY'S STORY.

WILLIE was entirely in earnest in the promise of cooperation she made to Linda Maybury. She was, in fact, only too glad to get the chance. And in this, to do her justice, she was actuated not alone by the broad vista of probability that Linda's story opened in connection with the insurance matter. She was also burning with two powerful human emotions that the girl's story had roused—pity and curiosity.

The case seemed to have turned out to be just such a one as she had longed for As presented by the insurance company it had appeared a mere mechanical puzzle, interesting but not engrossing. But Linda's grief had given it human interest. No longer was it a mere sordid question of money, but one of breaking human hearts. And it seemed complex enough to satisfy the most exacting seeker for riddles. A man dying of heart disease who had yet been approved for insurance in a large sum by the experienced physician of a great insurance company; a man who wirelessed tidings of his own impending murder immediately before or immediately after his marriage, and then went away with his bride as happily as if nothing whatever had happened; a man who died twenty-four hours later without arousing any suspicion of foul play in the two very eminent physicians who attended him—all these made up a conundrum that would tax every fiber of her brain.

Ah, yes! She would work on it both for Linda's sake and her own. She would solve it and would win ease for Harvey, comfort for Linda, and—and—again the soft color dyed her cheeks—she would win for herself the chance to lay down her work in triumph and not in defeat.

For an hour and more she cross-examined Linda, going over every detail of the latter's story again and again, from every conceivable angle, storing away the answers in her brain.

Linda answered every question readily and painstakingly, but in time she grew perplexed. "You asked me that before," she objected, at last.

Willie Blunt smiled. "I've asked you that five times before, in one way or another," she admitted. "I know you're trying to tell me everything. But nobody can possibly tell any one everything about anything. They always fail to mention some of the most significant things. I'm trying to get you to tell me things that you don't know you know. But I'm free to confess that there don't seem to be many of them. I fancy you told me pretty much everything in your first story. I've learned just one thing that may be important; that is that the news of Mr. Hurd's approaching marriage was printed in the papers on Friday afternoon. That shows that the public knew it; and that certain things were possible. For instance, some specific person might—I say might—have tricked you with a fraudulent wireless message. No! I don't think they did. But they might you know. But I won't harry you any more at present. You are worn out, I can see. Mr. Hurd is past help now. All we can do is to punish the people who killed him."

Eagerly Linda caught at the other's arm. "You—you think he was killed?" she faltered. "You think he didn't just die? I'd feel better if I thought he just died."

Willie shook her head. "I don't know what to think," she confessed, frankly. "It's a most amazing story any way you look at it. Either you or your father must be wrong somewhere. You can't possibly both be right. And of course it's almost incredible that Mr. Hurd should have secretly slipped away when your father was not looking, have gone to the wireless room, and have sent you the message that you say he did, and then have gone back calmly to be married. It's almost as impossible that he should have wirelessed you after he was married. Really, Miss Maybury, people don't do things like that; they simply don't do them! And yet you are sure——"

"I am absolutely sure. It was Harry's sending. I couldn't mistake it. I would know his sending if it came from China."

"I believe you. But I'm frank to say I wouldn't believe you if it hadn't been for the insurance, and if Mr. Hurd hadn't died twenty-four hours later. I'd think you had dreamed that call; or that some wicked or heartless creature had tricked you. But Mr. Hurd's death alters things. Such coincidences as a man thinking he was going to be murdered when he wasn't, and then dying almost immediately from natural causes do happen. Coincidences far more marvelous happen every day. But somehow I can't believe that this was a coincidence. It looks to me far more like a sequence. I can't say more till I have time to inquire." Miss Blunt got up. "May I talk with your father now?" she asked.

"Yes! Surely! But—but—you will let me help you bring the crime home to them?"

"Let you? My dear! I wouldn't let you not help! I'll work you hard, never fear. But not just yet. I've got to get things started first. But I'll send for you or telephone you very soon. Don't be afraid of my failing to do that. Now for your father."

Linda hesitated. "You'll be cautious in talking to him, won't you?" she begged. "He is very old and he doesn't see very well, even with his glasses. That's why he hasn't noticed how terribly I look. He forgets things easily, and he's forgotten how frantic I was on Saturday night. He thinks that I'm satisfied that I dreamed that Harry called me. He was very fond of Harry, and he liked—that woman—at sight. He can't stop talking about her. It drives me frantic, but—but—he's so old and he's so kind and dear! I'd rather he shouldn't know what we suspect unless you think it necessary. He feels badly enough about Harry's death as it is. And he hates to hear of people doing wicked things. He believes that everybody is as good as he is. So, unless you can't help it——"

Willie nodded. "Of course I can help it; and I will," she promised. "It's better that he shouldn't know. He'll make a better witness."

Linda drew a long breath. "I'm glad," she said. "I'll take you to him at once. He's in the sitting-room downstairs."

Doctor Maybury looked up expectantly when Linda entered with her guest. He belonged to the old school of ministers now represented almost entirely by a few old men who lag superfluous on the stage, waiting for the last call. He wore a suit of fine black, not new, but well pressed and spotless. His collars were part of his shirt—undetachable; his necktie was a narrow strip of black. His face was gentle and kindly—that of one who trusted all men to act fairly and in consequence found that nearly all men did act fairly.

Linda made the introduction. "This is Miss Blunt, father," she said. "She is interested in Harry's death and wants to ask you whether he seemed ill on the evening of the marriage. I told her you would be glad to tell her all you knew."

Doctor Maybury bowed courteously. "I'm glad to meet you, Miss Blunt," he said; "and of course I'll be glad to tell you what I may. It is a very sad case. You knew Mr. Hurd?"

Willie shook her head. "No," she said. "I never met him. I represent the Fidelity Life Insurance Company of New York. Mr. Hurd had a policy with us; and his death was so sudden that under our rules we are compelled to inquire fully into it. Usually it's a mere formality," you know."

"Ah! Yes! Of course. I understand. As I said it is a very sad case, Miss Blunt. I've known Harry all his life and loved him like my own son. It seems hard that he should be taken—he who had everything to live for—money, position, a young and charming wife—everything. But God knows best."

Willie took advantage of Doctor Maybury's mention of Mrs. Hurd. "I haven't met Mrs. Hurd yet," she said. "Of course I must see her soon. You found her charming, then?"

"Very! She is also very lovely. That is—you know my sight is poor, but she seemed very lovely to me. And her father is a splendid gentleman. Her name was Corinne de Nemours, you know. She and her father are Belgians, tho really largely of English ancestry. They were driven from their homes by the war. They lost everything, I believe. Yet they bear it wonderfully. M. de Nemours told me that he wept, not for his own estates, but for his country."

Willie was watching Doctor Maybury's face, but her gaze passing over his shoulders rested pityingly on the convulsed features of his daughter. Its expression showed very plainly that she doubted the sincerity of both the De Nemours. Quickly she came back to the real inquiry. "Will you tell me all that happened at the Hurd house on the night of the wedding, Doctor Maybury?" she said. "Everything—from the beginning."

"Willingly." Doctor Maybury frowned thoughtfully. "I suppose the beginning was when Harry's car came for me," he said. "Harry was always thoughtful, you know. When I arrived he met me at the door. He seemed very happy, but I thought—yes, I was sure that he was disappointed by my not bringing Linda. Linda had been kept at home by a violent headache, you know. She and Harry had been boy and girl together, and they were great chums. Harry wanted to introduce her to his bride. However"— Doctor Maybury smiled benevolently—"one can not long remain sad at one's own wedding and after a while Harry cheered up and told me to tell Linda that she must come and see Mrs. Hurd as soon as they got back from their wedding trip. Then he took me into the reception-room and introduced me to M. de Nemours, his father-in-law-to-be. Then he went out to get Mlle. de Nemours?"

"Went out?" Linda started forward. "Why, father! You told me that Harry didn't really leave you at all."

"Eh? Oh! Yes! Perhaps I did, perhaps I did. I'm afraid I'm getting very careless. Harry did go out for a moment. But it was only for a moment—so short a moment that I actually forgot it. Luckily, it isn't of any importance. Yes! He went out! And then the caterer came to the door and looked in—Harry had just come home from England, you know, Miss Blunt; and he had no regular servants, and had called in a caterer for the day. Oh, dear! Dear! Where was I? Oh, yes! The caterer looked in at the door and didn't see Harry, of course. So he went away. M. de Nemours saw him and turned to me and explained that the man evidently wanted to speak to some one and that he must find out what he wanted. So he hurried away.

"The next instant Mlle. Corinne came in. She is, as I said, most charming. She had missed Harry, somehow, but she had heard that I had arrived, and she had hurried down to see Linda. She was greatly disappointed when I told her that Linda had not come. She charged me to be sure to bring her to call the moment she and Harry got back. Then Harry and M. de Nemours came back together."

"How long should you say that Mr. Hurd had been gone, Doctor Maybury?" It was Willie who asked the question.

Doctor Maybury considered. "Not more than five minutes at the very most," he declared. "Scarcely so much. But why do you ask? Is it so important?"

"It might be." Willie answered the question coolly. "It may have some bearing on the moment when he was first taken ill! Probably his illness really began that night. You are sure he went away to seek Mlle. Corinne, and not because he felt ill?"

Doctor Maybury shook his head in some bewilderment. "Oh, no!" he said. "He was not ill," he insisted. "No! I'm sure he was not ill. I couldn't have failed to notice it, even with my poor eyes. I saw him very closely. No! He went only to get Mlle. de Nemours."

"And when he came back? How did he look then?" persisted Willie.

Doctor Maybury hesitated. "Why, I didn't notice," he confessed. "There wasn't much time, really. M. de Nemours had just discovered that there was a mistake as to their train, and that they would have to hurry to avoid missing it. So I began the ceremony almost at once."

"But surely you looked at the man you were marrying, Doctor Maybury," persisted Willie. "You would have noticed if he had been ill. For instance, if he had been taking a stimulant. You would have detected it."

Doctor Maybury straightened up. A shade passed over his placid face. "He had been taking no stimulant, Miss Blunt," he asserted positively. "Harry never took stimulants, and he would certainly never do such thing under such circumstances. He was not flushed at all. In fact, now that I think of it, he was, if anything, rather pale——"

"Oh! He was pale!" Willie tried hard to rob her tones of significance.

Doctor Maybury nodded. "Yes, perhaps, a little. But that is nothing. Many men are pale when they marry. It is the bride—Doctor Maybury smiled playfully—"it is the bride who is blushing and unafraid. Yes! I think perhaps he was a little pale. But the lights were not very good and——"

"The lights. Had anything happened to them?"

"Oh, no! It was only that the bride and groom stood with the lights behind them and—good gracious me, Miss Blunt, you are making me say all sorts of things! Really, I did not notice any change in Mr. Hurd when he came back, none at all. You are making me imagine things that really did not exist. And, frankly, my dear young lady, I must confess that I do not like it."

"I beg your pardon!" Willie was prompt in her apology. "I know I have been outrageously persistent, and I'm sorry for it. But, you see, the case is rather serious. Mr. Hurd died only a little more than twenty-four hours later. His illness must have begun some time before, and I am anxious to know when. The Chicago doctors say he died of hypertrophy of the heart, and hypertrophy—enlargement, in plain English—is not a disease that develops in a moment. It takes weeks and months to become dangerous. However, I don't want to make a nuisance of myself. You have been very good to answer me so fully and so carefully, and I won't heckle you any more now. It was foolish of me to be so insistent about how Mr. Hurd looked at the ceremony. If he had been ill, of cuorse you would have noticed it later on at the supper."

"The supper?" Doctor Maybury seemed not to understand.

"Why, yes. You stayed to supper, didn't you? I understood you to say he had a caterer in."

"Oh. That? Yes, Mr. Hurd certainly had a caterer. But neither he nor his bride stayed for supper. There had been a misunderstanding about train time. You know, they left a very few minutes after the ceremony. M. de Nemours asked me to stay to supper with him, but I refused. I was anxious about Linda here. She had a very bad headache, you know. So I came away almost at once. And then I met Linda outside, as I suppose she told you. She had got anxious about me, just as I was anxious about her. Linda is fanciful at times."

"I see!" Willie got up, and Doctor Maybury followed her example. "Well, Doctor," she said, "I guess that's all I want to ask. I suppose Mr. Hurd stayed with you till he left with his bride?"

"Oh, yes! That is—let me see——Yes, he stayed. He didn't leave the room at all. I remember, because he was very nervous while he waited for Mrs. Hurd to put on her hat. He wandered about the room as if he couldn't sit still while M. de Nemours chatted with me. But it was really only for a moment, you know. Positively, I don't think Mrs. Hurd took five minutes to get ready. That is almost incredible, of course,—Dr. Maybury laughed gently—"but it's true. When she came back we all went out to the steps to see them off in the car. De Nemours gave me an old shoe, and I threw it after them. I'm ashamed to confess it, but I did. Harry helped Mrs. Hurd into the car and they went off. Harry waved to me from the window as they went. And then I started home in another car and met Linda. I suppose she has told you."

Willie nodded. "Yes, she has told me," she said. "Well! I can't think of anything else to worry you about, Doctor. If I should remember anything important, may I call again?"

Doctor Maybury bowed. "I'll be delighted," he said. "I beg your pardon if I seemed ungracious a moment ago. It was only that I did not understand. Come when you like and ask me what you like." The old gentleman stood smiling while Linda led her guest away.

Out in the hall, Linda turned. "It was when Harry left father that he wirelessed me," she began. "It must have been then!"

Willie nodded. "Probably," she agreed. "It seems to fit in. By the way, where is the wireless room in Mr. Hurd's house? How long would it take him to get to it?"

"It's downstairs, just off the library, on the ground floor, in what Harry called his den. He could get to it in a moment from the reception-room. Oh! Why didn't father tell me before about Harry leaving him? If he had——"

"If he had it probably wouldn't have made any difference. Don't worry about it now. You did the best you knew. And now I must go. Get all the rest you can, and be ready for a call. It will come soon—perhaps very soon."

Willie started to go; then she turned back. "I forgot," she said. "Have you a photograph of Mr. Hurd?"

Linda flushed hotly. For a moment she hesitated; then—— "Yes, I have one" she said. "I'll get it." She hurried up the stairs.

When she came down she brought a photograph. "It's six years old," she said. "But it's the only one I have I had many—recent ones—good ones. But—but when I knew that Harry was to marry some one else I—I burned them all. But I couldn't burn this. I couldn't. So——" Impulsively she held out the photograph.

The face was young and boyish. It was a good-looking face enough, but it lacked strength. Even if Willie had known nothing of Hurd's story she would have said at once that the pic-

ture was that of one easily led—one unable to say "no." Knowing what she did, she said to herself that it was just such a face as she would have expected Hurd to have.

But of course she kept all such ideas to herself. "May I take it with me?" she asked. "I want to show it to some one. It's important. "I'll take good care of it."

Linda nodded. "Yes! Take it," she said. "But bring it back. I'ts all I have left—all I have left!"

CHAPTER V.

DOCTOR STACKPOLE'S STORY.

WHEN Willie got back to New York she telephoned to Doctor Stackpole from the station, and, learning that he was at his office, hurried there immediately.

"Did you see the picture, Doctor?" she asked, with no delay for preliminaries, the moment she was ushered into the Doctor's presence.

Doctor Stackpole pursed up his lips. "Yes," he answered, "I saw it, but it did us no good."

"No good? What do you mean? Was it of the man you examined?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. The face had been destroyed."

"Destroyed?"

"Yes. That is, it was unrecognizable. But it's a long story. Let me begin at the beginning."

"That's what I am waiting for you to do," returned Willie, dryly. She realized that the Doctor was embarrassed about something, and that she would make better progress if she let him take his own way, and that, moreover, she could get a more accurate recital of conditions. So she settled back in her chair. "All right, Doctor," she said cheerfully. "Let's have the story in full. Tell me everything, important and unimportant. Nobody can tell what may become important over night. Tell me any conversations you had, word for word, as nearly as you can recall them."

"Certainly!" The Doctor also settled himself. "I went down on the 12:10 train and reached Rochpelle at 12:55," he said precisely. "The town is really just forty-five minutes from Broadway, you konw. I made inquiries and found that the Hurd place was not very far away; and so walked instead of taking a taxi.

"The place was well out in the suburbs of the town. The house was handsome, and set in extensive grounds that I think must have run back clear to the waters of the Sound, tho I do not know that they did. The view was hedged in by trees, but I thought I caught a glimpse of water thru them. Both house and grounds showed evidence of neglect, probably ascribable to Harry Hurd's absence in England. The walks and flower beds were badly overgrown and vines were running riot over everything. A single discouraged-looking gardener was weeding out the grass which was springing abundantly in the driveway just in front of the house.

As I approached the gardener ceased his work and straightened up, pressing his hands against his back as if he found the stooping painful. He looked at me inquiringly. I asked him if I was at the Hurd house.

"The man nodded. He was young and intelligent-looking, apparently rather above his trade. 'Yes, sir,' he answered, speaking with a strong English accent. 'Mrs. Hurd lives here, sir. But she's not back from the funeral yet.'

"This surprised me. I had lost no time in coming from New York, but the trip had taken me more than an hour, and it seemed strange that the interment, after all services had been concluded, should have lasted that long. 'Oh!' I said. 'I thought she would be back. I understood that the funeral was over long ago.'

"The man nodded assentingly. 'I fancy as how it was, sir,' he answered civilly. 'I fancy as 'ow Mrs. Hurd and M. de Nemours went to luncheon somer's, sir, seein' there ain't a servant in the house, or on the place for the matter of that, except me. The family got back from Chicago only this morning, sir.'"

"Oh!" Willie Blunt broke in. "So they haven't any servants. Humph! Well! What did you do then, Doctor?"

"I pretended to study the house front doubtfully," answered the Doctor, promptly. "'Then there's no use of my ringing,' I said, rather idiotically, I'm afraid.

"The man shook his head. 'Not the least bit of use in the world, sir,' he agreed. 'There ain't nobody to answer it. But you're welcome to sit down and wait if you like, sir. But maybe you'd rather come again.'

"I shook my head. 'Well, no!' I said. 'I think I'll wait a while now that I'm here. I came down from New York to see Mrs. Hurd, you know. You haven't been here very long, have you? I don't seem to remember your face.'

"Of course." The Doctor paused to explain. "I couldn't have remembered his face, in any event, for I had never been to Rochpelle, let alone to the Hurd place, in my life; but I thought I might as well find out anything I could."

Willie nodded. "Quite right, Doctor," she agreed.

"Well! It worked. The man answered promptly that he was new to the place. 'Mr. Hurd engaged me about a week ago, sir,' he said. 'He'd been back in the old country, as I fancy you know, sir; an' when he got 'ome and saw the state as the grounds was in, he wanted somebody to set them right, sir. So he employed me. But, my word, it'll take a bit of doin' to get them in shape, sir! An' now that he's dead, so sudden like, I'm thinking I'll soon be looking for another place. You're not knowing of any one that's wantin' a gardener, are you, sir?'

"I told him no. I said I lived in the city and that most of my friends did the same, and that few of them had gardens. 'But,' I said, 'if you'll tell me your name I'll let you know if I hear of any one.' I thought you might want to find him, you know, Miss Blunt.

"He was willing. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' he said. 'It's Craven my name is—John Craven. Times ain't what they was, sir, an' I don't want to go back to carryin' the banner. Gardenin's my trade, but I'll work at anything, sir.'

"I noted his name down, so you will know how to ask for him, if you want him, Miss Blunt. I was just about to question him further when I heard the sound of an automobile, and a big black car came racing toward us. A man and a woman were in it; and I asked the gardener if it was Mrs. Hurd and M. de Nemours. He said it was, and stepped aside to make room for the car.

"I mounted two or three steps and stood waiting while the passengers stepped out. The man was tall and handsome, a little past middle age, but still apparently muscular. The woman was exceptionally handsome. I judged she was about 25 years old. Both bore unmistakable signs of breeding. I didn't blame Hurd for precipitancy after I had seen his wife. She is the most perfectly finished piece of feminine goods I ever saw.

"But I wasn't there to rubber. So I stepped forward and took off my hat. 'M. de Nemours, I suppose?' I questioned.

"The man bowed, but with some reserve. His aristocratic aquiline features seemed built for reserve. 'Yes,' he conceded. 'That is my name.' His English was good, but showed some traces of French, in construction if not in accent.

"'I am Doctor Stackpole, medical director of the Fidelity Insurance Company of New York,' I said. I glanced at Mrs. Hurd, but he made no move to present me, so I turned back to him. 'Our New York manager telephoned you a little while ago——'

"He did not let me go on. 'What he have ask was impossible,' he broke in, irritably. 'Twice already have I said it. Truly you Americans are justly famed for persistence. Must I say 'no' always?

"'Not at all!' I smiled at him. 'Not at all!' I repeated. 'That matter is all over and done with. We realized at the time that we were asking a great deal ,but——'

"Again I was interrupted. Mrs. Hurd had been listening intently, her bright eyes shifting from me to her father and back again. Now she broke in. 'What is it all about, father?' she asked. Then she turned to me. 'I am Mrs. Hurd,' she explained.

"I bowed and said that I had guessed so. Then M. de Nemours answered his daughter's question. 'It is nothing that you need trouble about, ma fille,' he said, tenderly. 'Nothing whatever.'

"But she was persistent. 'But yes, mon pere,' she said. 'I desire to know. Tell me all.'

"De Nemours shrugged his shoulders. 'Certainly! If you desire it, ma chere Corinne,' he responded. 'You remember that I have delayed you so outrageously at the cemetery an hour ago? Bien! It seems that our poor Harry had recently taken out in your favor an insurance policy with the company represented by this gentleman. Somehow they have learned that we have brought my dear son East to lay him with his fathers; and they had the—the—I know not what word to call it—it was of the most audacious. They asked that we suspend the interment till this gentleman could come down from New York to oversee.'

"'Oh! But that was impossible.' Corinne's protest was instant.

"'So I have told them,' answered the man. 'But they insist. And now they send this gent——'

"Here I broke in. 'No! No!' I said. 'You mistake. It is not to oversee that I have come down. It is for another matter. The policy is a large one and was taken out very recently in Mrs. Hurd's favor, and——'

"Mrs. Hurd seemed to become interested. 'A policy of insurance, you say, monsieur?' she asked. 'In my favor? Taken out recently? Ah! It was like my poor Harry to think of me so. He was the dearest boy—so thoughtful.' She touched her handkerchief to her eyes. 'It was good of the company to wish to be represented at his grave,' she continued. 'But yes! It was good. I thank you, monsieur. Did you yourself know my husband?'

"I guess I reddened, remembering what I had come down for. It's a shame to suspect a woman like that of crime. Nobody could talk to her for five minutes and think her capable of such a thing. If Harry Hurd was really done to death, I know mighty well that she, at least, had no part in his taking off. You'll admit it when you see her."

The Doctor glared at Willie Blunt, who shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps I will, Doctor," she agreed, pacifically. "Perhaps I will. But I haven't had the pleasure yet. What did you say in answer?"

"What could I say? I had to own up. 'Yes, madam,' I said. 'I had the pleasure of meeting him—once. But I can't deceive you. My errand down here was—and is—purely formal. I wish——'

"She interrupted me. 'No visit of condolence can be purely formal, monsieur,' she said. 'But need we stand on the doorstep? Pray enter!' She waved me to the door.

"To enter was, of course, exactly what I wanted to do, but all the same I felt uncomfortable at accepting. She was so gracious. Still, business was business and was not to be shirked. So I stepped aside just as de Nemours threw open the door, and made room for her to enter.

"But she stopped on the threshold. 'You see, monsieur,' she said, 'that we are our own butler at present. My father dismissed all the servants and closed the house when Harry and I left on our so-sorrowful wedding trip, and we have not yet been able to get them together again or to get others to take their places. But come in, monsieur.' She stepped thru the door as she spoke.

"I followed her into the great hall, and, of course, as I entered I looked about for the picture of Hurd that Mr. Harvey said would be there. But I did not see it. Of course I thought that Mr. Harvey was wrong about its having once been there, or that it had been removed. But I was mistaken, as you will see later.

"Mrs. Hurd, of course, did not suspect what I was looking for. Composedly she led the way into the reception-room and invited me to sit down. Then she turned to me smiling. She had the most charming smile, Miss Blunt. But, there, you don't want to hear about that."

"'My father is of the ancient regime, monsieur,' she said. 'He has no regard for business. But me! I am different. I have been trained, yes. I know that where there is insurance there is much that must be said and many questions that must be asked. Bien, monsieur. Ask them. I am ready.'

"I tried to begin, but I could not. It seemed a sacrilege to pry into the holiest emotions of a woman like her. I can't remember when I have been so embarrassed. 'I've really very little to ask,' I protested. 'The questions are mere formalities. Everything is all right, of course.'

"I suppose I said too much, for a puzzled frown swept over Mrs. Hurd's face. 'But, yes!' she said. 'Of course. What should be wrong?' Then she smiled. 'Bien,' she said. 'Then let us have the questions, monsieur. But first, if it is permitted to inquire, for what sum was the policy?'

"I was startled at this. 'You don't know?' I cried. 'Has you father not told you?'

"She shook her head and glanced at her father.

"'I had not the time,' he protested instantly. 'And I could not think of money while poor Harry was being laid at rest. It would be of the most culpable. Five thousand, I think Monsieur the Manager said. Is it not so, monsieur?'

"I gasped. I had made up my mind that Mrs. Hurd had no part in any swindle connected with her dead husband, but I was not quite so charitably inclined in regard to her father. His indifference had seemed to be a little exaggerated. But now it seemed that he had not known how much money was involved. Of course, if he had really understood that the policy was for only five thousand dollars, his indifference was not so surprising.

"'It was for more than five thousand,' I said. 'Much more. It was for five hundred thousand.'

"I thought the man would have a fit. 'Five hundred——' he gasped. 'Five hun—mon Dieu!' He sprang to his feet and clutched me by the shoulder. 'You know what you say?' he shrieked. 'You do not deceive me? Mon Dieu! If Monsieur your manager had said that——'

"I told him that Mr. Harvey did say it—that I had heard him.

"He appeared to be trying hard to control himself. 'I did not so understand,' he panted. 'Ah,' But what he must think of me? I beg that you present to him my apologies. Ah! What a mistake. What a mistake!' He ran on like a wild man.

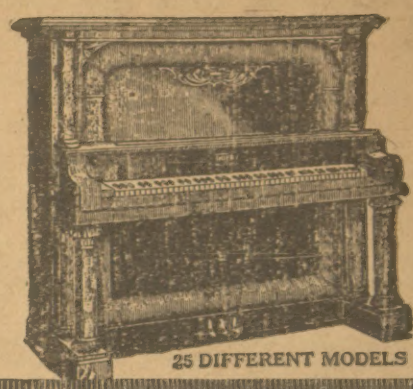
"Mrs. Hurd had her emotions under better control. 'Five hundred thousand!' she murmured softly. 'That is a great deal of money, Doctor! But yes, a great deal. But Harry had a great deal already—far more than I need, truly. Gladly would I give it all if I could have him back, if only for a moment—only for a moment!'"

The Doctor looked at Miss Blunt. "She meant it, too," he insisted, defiantly. "I guess you think I'm an old fool. But I'm not. I've had experience. And she meant it. I know she did."

Willie nodded. "Oh, no doubt," she agreed. "Did you ask her if she had seen the policy?"

"I did not." The Doctor spoke stiffly. "It would have been an insult. I asked her where Hurd could have left it. She didn't know, but her father did. He went to the wall and took down a picture that hid a small safe built into the wall. 'Harry put some papers into this on the day of the wedding,' he said. 'He have not said what they were, but doubtless the policy is among them.'

"Very probably it was, too; but we



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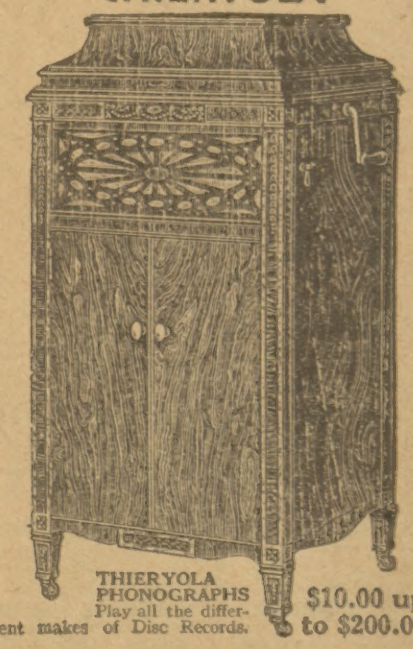

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couldn't find out. Neither De Nemours nor his daughter knew the combination. And Mrs. Hurd, at least, seemed to be in no hurry. She quieted her father and brought me back to my moorings.

"'The money can wait,' she said. 'Perhaps you will go on with your questions, monsieur?'

CHAPTER VI.

CUPID GETS IN HIS WORK.

DOCTOR STACKPOLE lay back in his chair and laughed, tho in rather forced fashion. "Do you know?" he said, "I had forgotten what I had gone down to Rochpelle for. Mrs. Hurd was the sort of woman that makes one forget. And black is very becoming to her—very. Her complexion——"

Willie lost patience. "Did you ask the questions finally, Doctor, she interrupted smilingly, but with a trace of sarcasm in her voice. "I really haven't much time to spare and——"

"I beg your pardon." The Doctor was clearly offended, tho he tried not to show it. "I am very remiss. Yes! I asked the questions. I told Mrs. Hurd that I wanted to know all that happened for the twenty-four hours or so before her husband's death; and I suggested that she begin with the afternoon and evening of the marriage and tell me in her own words just what happened—when Hurd was first taken ill and all that.

"She looked at De Nemours. 'Perhaps it is best that my father begin the story,' she suggested. 'He saw Harry before I did. I did not see him, me, till I came down to this very room to be married. Mon pere, if you will tell—'

"De Nemours nodded. 'I do not understand it, me!' he said. 'Harry have seem in the best of health. He return late and go to his room to dress. When he come down I was waiting for him here. There were many things to do, you understand. He come in with a packet of papers in his hand—many papers! He show it to me and then put it in the safe. 'It is here I keep my papers, monsieur,' he said. 'You will not forget.' Then he close the safe and come forward. 'Ah! But I am happy, monsieur,' he said. 'Never was I so happy before.' I tell him, yes, Corinne is a good girl. Then I tell him that I have learn that the trains are changed. Mon Dieu! The American trains change always, is it not so? I tell him his train goes earlier than he have thought. He grows anxious; but, yes, very anxious, for that the clergyman have not come. We are Protestants, monsieur, not Catholics, as you may think. Then, all in a moment, we hear an automobile and Harry run to the door and come back with the minister, one Doctor—Doctor Maybury. Yes! Doctor Maybury. Harry present him to me, and then he run to hasten mademoiselle, my daughter. Soon he bring her back—vite! vite! Doctor Maybury he marry them, and they hurry to the car and away. I stay behind to arrange things, and I see him no more alive.'

"When he finished Mrs. Hurd took up the tale. Her voice throbbed pitifully, but she steadied it and told the story simply. 'Harry grew ill the moment we were on the train,' she said. 'I could see it, me! But he protest that is nothing, and for a time I believe him. But soon he cannot hide it longer. I want to stop and leave the train. But he will not permit. And so we go on. I think, perhaps the journey was too hard for him. Oh, but it was hard! I did not know that Harry have trouble with his heart. He have told me nothing of it. But he grew more and more ill, and I am alarm. When we reach Chicago Harry is very ill. But he force himself to sit up, and we go to the hotel and to our rooms, quick. Then Harry drop down unconscious. Ah! But how terrified I am! I shriek! I demand a doctor! One doctor comes! Then another, and yet another. For hours they fight for his life. But it was vain. When the dawn came Harry was no more!'

"Mrs. Hurd stopped. She was overcome. Really, she could not go on. And of course I did not urge her. Later, when she was more composed, I asked about Hurd's symptoms and the progress of his malady. Mrs. Hurd's answers confirmed my belief in her good faith. Of course she didn't speak as a physician would, but she gave me a good account of what happened. And every detail was such as should have attended a death by hypertrophy—the disease noted in the certificate of the Chicago physicians. Of course, this bewildered me more and more. I couldn't understand how I could have overlooked the symptoms and——"

Willie interrupted. "Oh! You think now that you might have overlooked Hurd's trouble?" she questioned.

But Doctor Stackpole flared up at this. "No! No!" he protested. "No! I did not overlook them. It would have been impossible. The man I examined did not have enlargement of the heart. No! No! It is impossible."

"Oh! All right. Go on!"

The Doctor calmed himself and obeyed. "I questioned her closely—too closely, I fear. She was not very strong. I tired her out most heartlessly. But after a time I noticed it, and I stopped and begged her pardon. She said——" Doctor Stackpole hesitated, a fact that did not escape Willie's sharpened perceptions— "she said that she was tired, and that she had intended to consult a physician as soon as she could find one, and she asked me if I would attend her regularly. Of course I said I would be glad to do so if the office would consent. I had to say that, you know; and give the office a chance to refuse; for of course the minute I became her physician my relations with her would become confidential, and I shouldn't be able to speak of them to any one. And Mr. Harvey might object to that. I told her I would be delighted if I could find it possible. She was very nice. She said she quite understood, and hoped that the office would consent. I promised to let her know as soon as possible."

Willie had listened with conflicting emotions, chief among which was a repressed but purely feminine rage. But at the Doctor's last words she broke out. "Well! Do you think Mr. Harvey will consent?" she demanded.

"He has consented."

"Eh!"

"Yes! He has consented. I saw him the moment I got back from Rochpelle. There was no real reason why he should not consent. I am not a detective, Miss Blunt, and am not employed to spy on people. I am a physician. Of course, in a case like this I am willing to do what I can to identify the man whom I examined for insurance. But beyond that I owe the company no service. I said this to Mr. Harvey quite frankly. I told him that the moment I became Mrs. Hurd's physician I should be compelled to stop reporting any information at all about her, but I added that I should stop doing that, anyhow. I said that what I was doing today was largely as a favor, and was not to be taken as a precedent. Mr. Harvey agreed with me. He thanked me for what I had done, and said that he had neither right nor desire to interfere with my private practice."

"Humph!" Willie felt an intense longing to hit the Doctor. Of all things Willie hated a quitter, especially a quitter who quit because a woman had smiled at him. With difficulty she forced back the sarcastic words that were on the end of her tongue.

"Well!" she questioned resignedly. "Did you see the portrait?"

Doctor Stackpole nodded. "Oh, yes! Of course!" he said. "I was forgetting the portrait, wasn't I? I told Mrs. Hurd that I wanted only one thing more, and that was to see a picture of Hurd. 'A photograph', I said, 'or a painting—anything that I can recognize. It was I who examined him for insurance, you know, and I must be able to swear to his identity. Have you a portrait of him that I can see?'

"I half expected that De Nemours would object. But he did not. Even if he wanted to, he got no chance, for his daughter anticipated his words. 'But yes!' she said. 'Yes, surely! There is a very fine portrait of Harry in his study off the library. Come with me, monsieur, and you shall see it.' She got up and led me out of the room and across the hall to the library and thru it to the den on the other side. 'I fear you will find the room disordered, monsieur,' she said. 'I have not yet obtained the servants. I have not been in the house since the even I was married. You will pardon, monsieur?'

"Of course I nodded. Then she opened the door.

"The room had been wrecked. Yes, wrecked! Everything was broken or overturned. One of the windows was smashed. One of the blinds had been torn down. The chairs were tumbled right and left. A press at one side had been broken open. Some apparatus on the table seemed in hopeless chaos. As soon as I could think I looked about for the portrait, but could not see it.

"But Mrs. Hurd saw it. She screamed and ran forward and lifted it from the floor. It had been torn down and utterly ruined. 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' she cried. 'Who has done this? Oh! The cruel, wicked man!' She had kept up very well before, but this last blow was too much. Her self-control vanished and she became hysterical. It took me a long time to quiet her."

Willie had listened with a half-smile upon her face. "It was burglars, of course," she suggested.

The Doctor did not notice the incredulity of her voice. "Yes!" he answered. "It was burglars—burglars or spies. Hurd made wireless apparatus for the Allies, you know; and spies may have hoped to learn his secrets. They must have broken in several days ago, for the acid in the beaker that had been overturned had dried up. It was this acid that had ruined the portrait."

Willie nodded. "I see! It fell right on the face, didn't it?" she asked.

"Exactly. How did you guess? Yes! It ruined the likeness."

"That's too bad. It's quite a coincidence, isn't it?" Willie's tones were flippant. Not for a moment did she believe that the portrait had been ruined by accident. "However, we are not altogether blocked."

Willie opened her shopping bag and took out the photograph that Linda had given her. "Is this the man you examined?" she asked. "It's a picture of Mr. Hurd, but it's an old one."

Doctor Stackpole stared at the picture long and earnestly. "I think it's he," he said, at last. "I think so. But I'm not sure. And yet—you say it's an old picture?"

"Six years old. Mr. Hurd has probably changed more or less since it was taken."

"That may account for the difference. But still I'm not sure. Of course, you know that I'd like to say that it isn't the man. But I've got to own that I think it is. I'd got to own that if I had been asked only casually whether it was Hurd or not, I'd probably say that it was. Still, there are things about it that are unsatisfactory, and all I can say positively is that I'm not positive."

Willie reached for the picture and put it back into her bag. "It's too bad," she said. "Bad for us! I mean! It seems almost providential—for other people."

The Doctor flared up. "If you mean that Mrs. Hurd had any hand in destroying that picture, you're wrong," he declared hotly.

If the Doctor expected Miss Blunt to combat his assertions he was wrong. Instead, she seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. Deliberately she went off on quite another tack.

"Doctor," she asked, "is there any poison whose effects could be mistaken for hypertrophy of the heart?"

"Poison?" The Doctor jumped. "Why, yes!" he admitted. "There are two or three that might conceivably deceive a rather careless physician. But, of course, an autopsy——"

"There's no question of an autopsy—yet," snapped Willie. "Now, again! Is there any drug that could be given forcibly to a man who was resisting—a drug that could conceivably so affect his mind that ten minutes later he would talk cheerfully with people who knew him?"

The Doctor laughed. "In a dime novel, yes!" he said. "Not in real life."

"How about hypnotism? Could that do it?"

"It might, tho I never heard of a man being hypnotized while he was fighting, or even against his will—unless the operator had hypnotized him often before and had him under complete control. And of course that wouldn't kill him. You'd have to bring your poison in later to stimulate your hypertrophy. If you'd be more specific perhaps I could tell you more."

Miss Blunt shook her head slowly. "Not now," she said. "Later, perhaps!" She rose to her feet. "Well! That's all, Doctor," she added. "I'll come back in a day or two. . . . Oh! I suppose you gave your Bertillon description to Mr. Harvey?"

Doctor Stackpole nodded. "Yes, I gave it to him," he said. "And now I have told everything to you. I will call up Mrs. Hurd and say that I will become her physician. This ends my—er—spying on the Hurd family."

Willie shrugged her shoulders and went away.

The Doctor looked after her hesitantly. Perhaps his heart misgave him, for he had not told quite all that happened during his visit to Rockford. Mentally he reviewed the untold part of the interview.

When he had noticed—and said—to Mrs. Hurd that she looked tired, she had bowed wearily. "Yes," she confessed. "I am tired—very tired. The past week has been a terrible strain. Oh, but it has been terrible! But you need not stop for that, Doctor, if you have anything else to ask. It makes me not tired to talk with you. Au contraire, it rests me. Some people do naturally rest one, you know. You must have much magnetism. Is it not so, Doctor?"

The Doctor blushed and confessed that he had been told something of the sort before.

"Ah! Yes? But I knew it," nodded the woman. "One can tell—yes. It is happy that I have met you, Doctor. Is it that you engage in private practice? I know of no one in all this country. If you will attend me I will be glad."

And the Doctor had agreed to do so, as he explained to Willie. But he did not think it necessary to mention all the details.

Meanwhile Willie had plunged into another phase of the case which occupied her for the rest of the day and until late in the night. It was not exciting work and it was very laborious. And it gave no sensational results. But it had to be done.

Most of it was spent in conference with old newspaper acquaintances, from each of whom she gleaned minute details to fit into the web that she was weaving. She talked, for instance, with several of the ship-news reporters—men who regularly visited incoming steamships in the interest of their respective papers and picked up stories about the voyage and the passengers. Two or three of these had interviewed De Nemours and had seen his daughter, and two or three had talked with Harry Hurd, tho none of them had known at the time that there was any association between him and the Belgians. From one of them, Joe Bristow, Willie got several interesting side lights on Corinne de Nemours.

"Some looker, that girl!" said Bristow, when Willie questioned him. "She can have me any time she wants me. But she wouldn't want me. She flies higher and wants a bigger roll. And she seems to have got it. On the level, she's the smoothest article that ever came over. I've seen her like in Europe, but not over here. I guess the war drove her across."

Willie nodded. "That's what she claims, I understand," she answered. "Her father says that they were driven from their ancestral estate in Belgium——"

"I'm not denying it. Belgium or France or Italy or anywhere you like. She and her dad have got breeding. They're the correct thing, all right. That's what makes them so dangerous. Europe's full of their kind—wonderful people, good family, maybe title—that have gone wrong. But I guess they weren't driven from any ancestral estates. More likely the pickings over there got mighty poor, and they came over to spoil the Egyptians. And they didn't lose any time, did they? They got Harry Hurd all right, didn't they? And they spoiled him, too. And now they've got his boodle. Quick work, believe me!"

Willie admitted that it was quick work. "Did you see Hurd on the steamer?" she asked. "How did he look?"

"Like a dying calf, if you ask me," responded the reporter, promptly. "I wondered at the time what the dickens was the matter with him. Oh! I don't mean that I'm a Sherlock Holmes and can tell by looking at a man that he's about to die of heart disease. But I did notice that Hurd had it bad about something. I guess it was another sort of heart disease that was troubling him. As I dope him out he was one of these shy guys that moons along thinking that all women are angels, but never daring to speak to one, till some day some dame decides that he's worth picking and gets busy. Of course he falls hard for her. He's had no experience of the sex to protect him."

Willie laughed. "Not like you, is he?" she giggled. "Of course you base your opinion on years of acquaintance with Hurd and ——"

"Never saw him but that once," broke in the reporter, cheerfully; "never but that one consecutive time. And I came near not seeing him then. None of us knew him, you know. The purser pointed him out—told us he'd just copped off a big wireless contract with the British government. So we nailed him. But he wouldn't talk—wouldn't admit a thing. 'Course, that was what we expected. But he didn't turn us down in the usual way. He was sort of shy and scared. . . . So long! I've got to run."

Willie moved on. One by one she found the other men who had seen Hurd and had tried to interview him. Everywhere she got the same answers. Opinions were remarkably uniform. All the reporters admired Mademoiselle de Nemours extravagantly, but nearly all had decided that there was something wrong about her and her father. All of them commented on Hurd's shyness. And none of them had known him before that time.

It was late before Willie got to bed.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

Wanted Speed.

A certain blacksmith, says Pearson's Weekly, altho an expert at his trade, was quite ignorant of surgical methods. When he sprained his wrist one afternoon he hurried to a doctor's office.

The doctor examined the wrist and then took a small bottle from a shelf, but found it empty.

"James," said he, turning to an assistant, "go upstairs and bring me down a couple of those phials."

"What's that?" exclaimed the patient, suddenly showing signs of emotion.

"I merely asked my assistant to bring me down a couple of phials from upstairs," answered the doctor.

"Files!" cried the blacksmith. "No, you don't! If that hand has got to come off, use an ax or a saw!"

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can shortly be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply directly upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

It is claimed that at small cost one can get a quarter of an ounce of freezone at any drug store, which is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain or soreness or the danger of infection.

This new drug is an ether compound, and while sticky, dries the moment it is applied and does not inflame or even irritate the surrounding tissue.

This announcement will interest many women here, for it is said that the present high-heel footwear is putting corns on practically every woman's feet.

A Judge's Mistake

Or, The Wrong Trail

By Annie Brownlee Quimby

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Begun in No. 29, July 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER viewing the different departments of the prison, the ladies, still accompanied by the warden, joined Wesley in the corridor.

The reform lady was in ecstasies. The warden had listened very respectfully to her reform projects, and had even promised to look into their merits.

Mrs. Gray was also favorably impressed with the prison management, if not so ardent an advocate for reform.

Marion was interested, and perhaps a little too sympathetic.

A girl of 17 who was convicted of killing her infant, and a gray-haired woman of 70, who had poisoned her husband for his life insurance, were two objects upon whom she lavished much sympathy. In her impulsive fashion she had lost sight of the offense in each case, and thought only of the age and personality of the offenders.

"Things have been going quite smoothly in the prison for some time, have they not?" Mrs. Gray inquired of the warden, as they were preparing to leave.

"Yes, everything has been going nicely; no serious outbreaks for several months. But we always have to be on our guard, as an attack usually comes unexpectedly," the warden explained.

"That notorious safe man who escaped some months ago was never recaptured, I believe?" one of the ladies asked.

"You refer to Jack Rainer, I presume? No, he was never retaken, altho a liberal reward was offered for him," the warden replied. "He doesn't seem to have returned to his old calling. I think likely he has made his way to some other country—perhaps Canada or Mexico."

Wesley listened like one in a dream, but so well had he schooled himself, that no outward sign was visible of the inward agony he was enduring. Glancing up, he surprised the queer eyes of his late companion of the corridor fixed searchingly upon him. His self-control was admirable. Not a muscle moved. He stood carelessly toying with the charm on his watch chain, and cast a friendly smile at the other.

"What had the man done?" Marion asked, her sympathies at once aroused.

"A safe-cracker, my dear! You remember the terrible commotion over the robbing of the National Bank, don't you? Well, he was one of the gang. A dangerous man to be at liberty—a public menace."

"But, mamma, perhaps he is not safe-cracking now. He may have reformed, you know. They sometimes do, don't they?" she asked the warden.

"Sometimes they do, but more often they do not. Yet, there was something about Rainer that lifted him above the ordinary kind. I hope for his own sake, as well as for that of the public, that he has reformed. They say there was no safe on the market, of which he could not solve the combination in twenty minutes," the warden explained, with a certain kind of pride.

"What a remarkable man!" the reform lady cried.

"A wonderful man, madam. It was natural instinct with him. There is a saying that he could smell out a safe in twenty minutes. In regard to locks, we had some rather amusing instances of his powers in that way. Many a man has thought he had invented a lock which would defy opening, except in a natural way. Give Jack Rainer the lock and a hairpin and in an incredibly short time the inventor's dreams of a fortune have melted away."

"I'd love to see him!" Marion cried. "Wouldn't you, mamma?"

"No, dear; I would feel much more comfortable not to have him around, Mrs. Gray replied, with a shiver.

They all laughed.

Wesley had been slowly walking back and forth, his hands deep in his trousers pockets. He did not dare glance at the stranger who was loitering in the corridor, for he felt that he was watching him furtively.

The ladies bade the warden good-by at the prison door. He had been unusually gracious, for was not Judge Gray one of the most influential men in the State. Wesley tipped his hat to the warden and the stranger, and followed the ladies out.

Once outside the prison walls, with the the solid pavement underfoot, the blue sky overhead, and the salt breezes from the Pacific fanning his fevered brow, he felt that life was worth living again. He had been to the gates of hell, and had returned.

On the ferry boat, a tall man in a gray ulster, with collar turned up and hat pulled down, slipped quietly past them and took a seat at the other end of the boat. There was something about him that made Wesley turn and look after him. Then recognition came like a flash. It was the man with the creepy eyes. He was shadowing them—him! What did he suspect? For a moment the knowledge made him tremble, but it quickly passed away. He had no proof that the man was following him. His favorite motto was, "Never cross your bridges till you come to them," and with a smile he drove the subject from his mind.

At dinner that night the chief topic of conversation was San Quentin and its inmates.

"What interested you most in the prison, Marion?" her father asked.

"Two women, papa; or, rather, a girl and a woman. I want you to do something for them!" she cried, in her half-childish, impulsive way.

"Indeed! Who are they, puss?"

"The girl's name is Pearl Roberts, I believe. Really, papa, she is only a child."

"Yes, I know. It was consideration of her tender years that made me let her off with a light sentence. You see, I happen to know your Pearl Roberts."

"You don't mean to say, papa, that it was you who sentenced that child to San Quentin?" she cried, her eyes flashing in a way that reminded Wesley of the scene in the street with the inoffensive Jane.

"Yes, it was I who sent her to prison. Did you know that she murdered her innocent babe? A murderer cannot go quite free, you know." His voice grew very earnest and sad.

"Well, of all the abominable things you have done in the name of the law, that is the worst! To send a baby to San Quentin! The very idea!" And her eyes shone like bonfires on a cloudy night.

"Marion!" her mother remonstrated feebly. "Have you forgotten to whom you are speaking?"

"No, mother dear. But papa and I understand each other, and the truth does him good once in a while. He is apt to get conceited if some one doesn't call him down occasionally, and I seem to be the only one who has sufficient courage to do it."

"Really, Marion, you are incorrigible," Mrs. Gray replied, with a weary smile.

The Judge laughed. He seemed to enjoy, rather than resent, his daughter's sharp speeches.

Wesley silently enjoyed the war of words. It revealed a new side to Marion's character. She might well be called the maid of many moods. He had seen her in embarrassment and anger, and in deadly peril, and again in a girlish rage at the inoffensive Jane. But this was a new side to her.

"Well, daughter, since we have disposed of Pearl Roberts' case, let us proceed to the next. What is the woman's name?"

"It's only a waste of time," Marion pouted. "You wouldn't help her if you could."

"You never can tell till you try, puss. You might accidentally happen to ferret out a deserving person." He laid great stress upon the word "accidentally."

"Accidentally, indeed! I suppose you mean to imply that I wouldn't know a deserving person when I did see him."

"Perhaps. But you haven't told me her name yet."

"And I have a good mind not to, either." A little of amusement played about the corners of her mouth.

"Come now, puss, you have aroused my curiosity, and I shan't rest if you don't tell me."

"Rousing your curiosity, and rousing your sympathy are two very different things, daddy."

"The same thing with a difference," the Judge replied.

"Exactly!" And they all laughed, not so much at the words as at the tone. "I really wouldn't tell you if I could help it, but I can't. It is Nora Hawkins, a feeble, bent old woman, with hair like snow."

"Nora Hawkins?" the Judge repeated, studying his plate for a minute. "I don't seem to remember the name."

"Don't you remember the woman who poisoned her husband to get his life insurance, a few years ago?" Mrs. Gray asked.

"Surely!" the Judge cried, his face brightening. "The name had slipped my memory. So you would like to see Mrs. Hawkins paroled, eh, puss? Let me see. She was sentenced to ten years, I believe. That was seven years ago. Well, I'll look into the matter, and it may be that something can be done for her, considering her age," he added thoughtfully.

Marion jumped up and threw her arms about her father's neck hugging him bearishly.

"That's as good as a pardon, daddy. I know it is. Oh, I'm so happy! I promised the poor old soul that her last days should not be spent in prison." She still clasped her father's neck.

"Marion, if you don't let me go, I shall revoke my promise!" the Judge gasped, his faced red and his hair rumpled.

Marion released him and did the turkey trot about the dining table.

"You're the dearest old daddy a girl ever had!" she cried delightedly.

"Shades of Caesar! Hear her, Orton. A moment since she was abusing me frightfully, and now——" The sentence was stopped with a kiss.

"Not another word, daddy, or we shall be quarreling again, and I don't feel inclined that way just now."

"Don't take too much for granted, little girl. The thing may be impossible," the Judge warned.

"Not at all impossible, as you very well know, daddy. I have learned that when Judge Gray says, 'We will see?' in that official tone, it means 'yes' always."

"You forget that the power of pardoning prisoners does not rest with me. The case must go before the Governor of the State," the father explained.

"I understand, daddy dear, but the Governor will be governed by the advice and recommendation of Judge Gray. There will, of course, be a lot of red tape, and so forth, for the sake of appearances; but the pardon will finally be granted. The Governor is human, you know."

After dinner the Judge had unexpected callers, and was closeted in the library with them. Mrs. Gray, fatigued from the day, had retired to her room. Marion was in the parlor, but, after striking a few notes upon the piano, she left it. She was not a very resourceful little person and solitude always made her nervous.

She expected that Wesley would join her in the parlor, but Mrs. Gray had neglected to ask him, and he was too much of a gentleman to seem to force himself upon the girl's society. Securing a late magazine, Marion followed her mother's example and retired to her room.

Meanwhile Wesley had gone for a stroll. It was too early to retire, so he decided to take a walk in the cool night air, and enjoy a cigar. Things had happened so rapidly of late that he wanted to think them over; and he could best do so in the open while enjoying a choice Havana.

CHAPTER X.

WESLEY walked leisurely back and forth before the Gray mansion. His cigar was almost finished, he flicked the ash off, gazed meditatively at the glowing end for a second, then cast it carelessly into the street.

A man came down the walk from the direction of the house.

"Hello, Jack! How is it going?" he asked in a rather guarded voice.

"Nothing to complain of, Bob." Then, in a low voice, "Didn't we agree that Jack was dead?"

"I forgot, I'll try and remember next time. Say, Ja—I mean Wesley—is it true that you went with the ladies to San Quentin today?"

"Perfectly true, Bob," He smiled at the other's amazement.

"For the love of Mike! How did you manage it?"

"Easy enough. If it were daylight, you would see that my beautiful auburn locks—that once afforded the boys so much fun—have suddenly become

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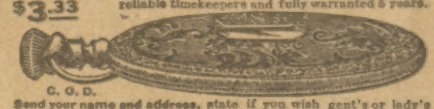

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black, and I took a sudden notion that about fifty dollars' worth of gold in my front teeth would rather improve my appearance. You see, black and gold harmonize," Wesley replied.

"Well, if that don't beat the devil" the other cried. "And they didn't recognize you?"

"Not exactly, altho there seemed to be something familiar about me for a time, but I guess it wore off after a while.

Wesley decided not to tell Bob about the man with the queer eyes. He might be mistaken, after all.

"Well, that beats anything I ever heard!" Bob said admiringly. I wouldn't have dared it, tho."

Wesley smiled and handed his friend a cigar.

"How is it going, anyway, old top? How are the wife and baby?"

Everything is just right. The wife and babes are fine. Gee! I don't have to dodge around the corners when I see a cop coming now. I work all day, and sleep sound all night. I say, Ja—Wesley, I mean—you seem to have made a hit with Miss Marion. You ought to hear her tell about the time Dixie ran away with her. Gee! It must have been great!"

"It was nothing, Bob. I have no doubt she exaggerates matters. Dixie was in an ugly mood, and Miss Gray had lost control of her, and was consequently frightened. She would have soon quieted down, tho, I think."

"Not a bit of it! That's not Dixie's style. She is a hateful little devil! All ginger and go."

"She has been poorly broken, that's all. I have an idea that if once thoroly subdued, she would be docile as a lamb."

"No doubt," was the rather hesitating reply. "I say, Wesley, times must be prosperous? You smoke a mighty good brand. Do you always burn such good weeds?"

"Not always, but of late I do. It's my only extravagance.

Bob smiled understandingly.

"Well, I must be getting along. The wife and kiddie will be expecting me. Oh, say! Have you seen anything of the boys since that night?"

"No, never a sight of them, and I hope I never shall see them." Wesley's voice became at once strained and hard.

"I ran across Red one day, but he pretended not to know me, and I was satisfied to let it remain that way. Well, good-by,"

"Good-by, Bob. May I come to see the horses some day?"

"Sure thing! Come in any time."

Wesley smiled as he thought of Dixie, for there was nothing he loved better than a bit of horseflesh. His mind went back joyously to the days of his boyhood, when he rode Wildfire barebacked over the ranges in the hills.

While he was musing on the past, the front door opened, and the Judge himself stood framed in the doorway, bidding farwell in his hearty manner to two gentlemen. Wesley could distinctly hear the farewells.

A big touring car was drawn up before the door. The two men entered it, and were rapidly whirled away toward the city.

A little while later, Wesley tossed the last of his second cigar into the street, and went up the gravel walk to the house. Going slowly up the steps, the soft rays of the porch light fell upon a small dark object lying on the third step from the top. He stooped and picked it up, going nearer the light to examine it better. It proved to be a gentleman's wallet. He glanced curiously inside. There was a thick roll of bank notes, which he perceived were of large denominations, and also some gold. He closed the wallet quickly, and slipped it inside his coat pocket. The hall was deserted, and he could see that the light in the library had been extinguished. For a moment he hardly knew what to do, then he remembered seeing the Judge press a button in the library to summond a servant. He would try it, too. A moment later a servant appeared.

"Kindly tell Judge Gray that I would like to see him for a moment, please." He spoke with all the assurance that he could command.

Perhaps three minutes elapsed, and the servant returned.

"The Judge has retired, and wants to know if you can't wait till morning," was his report.

"No, I can't; but if he will allow me, I'll go to his room?"

A moment later Wesley was shown into the Judge's room.

"Your business must be mighty important, Orton. What is it?" the older man asked brusquely. He was evidently ruffled about being disturbed.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir; but I couldn't sleep a wink with this in my possession. You will know what to do with it."

Wesley handed the Judge the wallet.

"Why, what is it, boy? Oh! A wallet, eh?" Then, without waiting for a reply, "Where in the world did you get it?"

"I found it about ten minutes ago on your front steps. I think it must have been dropped by one of the gentlemen who just left."

"I believe you're right. Ah! I recognize it now!" he cried. "Have you any idea how much money is in this old red pocketbook, boy?" He looked steadily, searchingly at Wesley.

"I have no definite idea, sir, but I know that it contains a large sum, judging from the number of bank notes; and large numbers seem to predominate. That is why I was so anxious to place it in your care."

"Your action is most commendable, Mr. Orton. It is not every young man starting out in life that would be so eager to part with a valuable find."

"The money is not mine, sir. I could not do less than place it in safety for the owner. Because one is poor, it doesn't follow that he must be dishonest," was the curt reply.

Wesley was hurt. He was touched in the most vulnerable spot. Honesty had become a mania with him.

"No offense was meant, my boy. I merely meant to imply that the temptation would have been too much for many an older man to withstand."

"There was no temptation, sir. I never once thought of the money in connection with myself," was the straightforward, honest reply.

"I believe it, Orton. I do, indeed," the Judge said, in unfeigned admiration. "But this old book contains thirty thousand dollars in bank notes, and some gold."

"I am not surprised, sir. I thought from the number of notes and their denomination that the amount must be even larger than that."

"That is the exact sum, I know, because I paid the thirty thousand to Mr. Simpson tonight, and watched him while he placed the notes in this old pocketbook. It was cash paid in exchange for a piece of property."

Wesley bowed.

"Can we not do something to relieve the gentleman's anxiety? By this time he may have discovered his loss."

"I was just trying to remember if he mentioned where he was staying. I don't think he did, but he usually stops at the St. Francis, I believe. Bad 'cess to him! He ought to put in a bad night for his carelessness."

"Shall I call up the St. Francis and see if he is staying there?" Wesley asked.

"Yes; ask for R. J. Simpson. I will get into some clothes and be down in a few minutes."

Wesley called up the hotel, but the clerk assured him that there was no one of that name staying there.

By this time Judge Gray had descended to the library. Several other hotels were called up, but with the same result. Then a list of the clubs that Mr. Simpson was known to frequent, but nowhere could they find any trace of him.

"I'll just put the money in the safe till we locate him. We're sure to hear from him tomorrow. I'd like to see Simpson when he discovers his loss," and the Judge chuckled gleefully. "A few anxious hours won't do him any harm."

"Would it not be well to call up the police station, in case he has notified them of his loss?"

"That's a good idea, Orton. I don't know why I didn't think of that myself."

"Hello!" called the Judge. "Is this the chief? Well, then, has the department been notified of the loss of a large sum of money by R. J. Simpson? Oh! Is that so? Is Simpson there? Well, tell him for me that he is a confounded ass! Tell him to hurry out here and get that thirty thousand he dropped on my front steps, for I want to get to bed—Yes, I expect so. Well, good-by, and the Judge was convulsed with laughter.

"He has been to the police station then?" Wesley asked, beginning to be affected by the other's mirth.

"Yes, and raising the dickens with the force because they can't locate his money in half an hour. That's just like Simpson," and the Judge laughed with complete abandon.

A few minutes later the chug, chug, of an automobile sounded before the gate.

"By George! He hasn't lost any time in getting here. He's exceeded the speed limit, I'll bet a dollar!"

Wesley was about to retire, but the Judge waved him to a seat.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Orton. Simpson is sure to want to see you."

The door opened, and Mr. Simpson stood on the threshold, looking rather sheepish.

"By Jove! It was fortunate that you found that wallet, Judge. If it had happened to have fallen in——"

"You're mistaken, Simpson. I didn't find your wallet," the Judge broke in.

Mr. Simpson looked confounded. He took off his hat, ran his fingers thru his hair, and dropped dejected into the nearest chair.

"But I thought——" he began, and then stopped.

Judge Gray laughed. Wesley looked surprised but amused.

"But—but I thought you told the chief——"

"I told the chief you were a confounded ass, and to hurry out here and get the thirty thousand you had dropped on my front steps," the Judge replied.

"Exactly!" Mr. Simpson brightened immediately. Say, Gray, you gave me a dickens of a turn!" He mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Well, you deserved it. A man that will be careless enough to drop thirty thousand dollars on another man's doorstep deserves to lose it," the Judge replied, but his steel-gray eyes had a merry twinkle.

"But you found it all right?" the other queried. "By George! You don't know how thankful I am, Gray."

"Don't thank me. Thank this young man. Mr. Simpson, allow me to introduce Mr. Orton, my secretary, and the man you have to thank for the safe return of your wallet."

The story was soon told, and Mr. Simpson was profound in his gratitude.

"Do you know, Gray, I was never so worked up over anything in my life. Almost my entire fortune was in that old red wallet.

"What? That paltry thirty thousand? Why, I thought you were rich, Simpson?" the Judge cried in amazement.

"I am fairly so, but, you see, there were papers in the pocketbook worth half a million. I intended to place them in a safety deposit vault in the bank, but when I got there the bank had just closed."

"I don't wonder at your agitation, then. I am doubly glad that it fell into such honest hands." The Judge gave an approving glance at Wesley. "To lose thirty thousand was bad enough, but to lose a half-million in bonds, also—well, I shan't say what I think, because it wouldn't sound good," he added, with a look of utter disgust.

"Fire ahead, old top! I deserve it all. I won't object."

The three joined in a hearty laugh, and there was relief, thankfulness and joy in the mingled tones.

"But really, Simpson, you ought to be more careful. This might have ended seriously for you," the Judge finally remarked.

"I know it, and this young man has earned my eternal gratitude," he laid a kindly hand upon Wesley's arm. "I don't know whether I dare offer you anything in return for the great service you have done me, but it would give me great pleasure to do so."

"Don't think of such a thing, Mr. Simpson. I couldn't accept money for simply doing my duty. I am amply rewarded in the knowledge that I was fortunate enough to save you from serious loss," Wesley replied, his head held a trifle higher than the occasion demanded.

"I shall not offer you money, my boy, but you cannot object to my making you a little present, a mere souvenir of the occasion?" he smiled.

"It is the same thing, Mr. Simpson. No one has any right to accept money for merely being honest. It cost me neither labor nor time to return the wallet," Wesley replied.

Mr. Simpson drew a paper from among several others from the wallet, and going to the desk took a pen and filled in a blank space, blotted it carefully, and handed it to Wesley.

"Don't be so afraid of a little gratitude, young man. You have placed me in an embarrassing position. I am indebted to you for over half a million, and I have no hope of ever being able to discharge that indebtedness. But it would give me real pleasure if you would accept this small token of my appreciation of the service you have rendered me. It is not much. Only a thousand shares in a silver mine in Canada. I bought them recently for a dollar a share. A year from now they will be worth ten. I have a hundred thousand shares, and I consider it the best investment I hold."

Wesley hesitated. He did not want to appear rude, yet he did not care to accept money, or what represented money, for what he had done. Involuntarily he glance at the Judge.

"Don't be a fool, Orton! There is nothing unworthy of a gentleman in accepting a gift like that. You surely don't want Mr. Simpson to feel that he is entirely swamped to you? Be generous, and accept it in the spirit in which it is given."

That decided Wesley.

"I accept your gift, sir, and I am truly thankful for it. But I have done nothing to merit such generosity," was his firm reply. "To tell the truth, I don't like the idea of being patted on the back because I didn't choose to be dishonest."

"It's all right, Mr. Orton. I know pretty nearly how you look at it, but there's another side to it. It makes me feel about the size of an English ha'-penny when I remember that you saved me half a million. For mercy sakes let me show my appreciation in some material form!"

"I hadn't thought of that side of it," Wesley answered.

"Of course you didn't, and I respect your motive in refusing. Every man is entitled to his own opinion, you know." He smiled in a satisfied way.

Wesley bade both gentlemen goodnight and withdrew.

Neither man spoke for fully five minutes after Wesley had gone. Each seemed deep in thought.

"Say, Gray, that's a peculiar chap you have for a secretary. Where did you pick him up?" Simpson inquired at length.

"He is a little odd in some ways, I'll admit," the Judge replied, rather dreamily. "But his honesty is beyond suspicion. I have tried him again and again. But the way I happened to get hold of him is rather an odd story"

The Judge related the circumstances that led up to his engaging Wesley as his secretary.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" the other replied. "Sounds more like fiction than truth. A very remarkable young man, certainly."

"Just so. And I have a vague sort of feeling that he will prove even more remarkable yet. There is some sort of mystery about him, but nothing suspicious. He gives me the idea, sometimes, of trying to live down something. I expect there has been some family scandal that he is trying to conceal. He is as proud as Lucifer."

"You can see that," the other replied. "But I like his independence."

(Continued Next Week.)

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TOOTHACHE.

"Ow-ow!" Uncle Fritz, as he opened the front door and stepped into the hall, listened in surprise. "Ow-ow-ow!" came the sound again, but surely, surely it was not little Alice who was crying like that. His small niece was the happiest and most cheerful of little girls. What could be the matter? Up the stairs went Uncle Fritz two steps at a time.

"Where are you, Alice?" he called. "What is the matter?" It was not Alice who answered, but Alice's mother.

"We are in my room," she replied. "Come in here and see what you can do for Alice."

When Uncle Fritz entered the room he found Alice's little face all swollen from crying—and from toothache, for it was toothache that was causing all the trouble. Mother looked almost ready to cry herself. She had her coat and hat on, and was all ready to go out of doors, but Alice's coat and hat and gloves lay on the bed, and Alice stood in the middle of the floor, saying "Ow-ow," over and over again. Uncle Fritz looked at the tooth. Then he looked at mother.

"She's afraid to go to the dentist's," explained mother. Uncle Fritz nodded.

"She won't be afraid of my dentist—all children love to go to him."

"Why?" asked Alice, forgetting the aching tooth for a minute.

"Because he tells such funny stories," answered Uncle Fritz, and before Alice quite knew what he was doing, he had put on her hat and coat and was carrying her downstairs, laughing and talking as if they were going to a picnic. His automobile stood at the door, and in five minutes they were at the dentist's—such a nice dentist with a hearty laugh and merry eyes. The first thing he said was:

"Did you ever hear about the awful toothache the hippopotamus had, and what a terrible time the monkey-dentist had in pulling the tooth out, and how the hippopotamus cried and bellowed and roared and behaved like a fraidy-cat?" Alice laughed, and Uncle Fritz laughed, and by the time they were thru laughing Alice was in the chair and the dentist was looking at her tooth.

"You are much braver than the hippo was," said the dentist. "He could not stand anything, even when the monkey put some medicine in his tooth to take away the pain—like this," and onto the aching tooth went some wonderful medicine that stopped the pain at once.

Alice forgot to be frightened as she listened to the story of the hippopotamus. She did not mind opening her mouth at all. She would show this nice dentist how brave she could be. She was brave, too, very brave, for she did not cry once, and when the work was all done, and the tooth was behaving beautifully, and was filled, she jumped out of the chair—not crying, but laughing. Then the dentist gave her a funny picture of the hippo going to the dentist's on a gloomy, rainy day, and three other pictures showing just how he looked when he sat roaring and bellowing in the dentist's chair.

"I do hope I'll have a toothache soon again," said Alice, as she and Uncle Fritz went away, and then she wondered why Uncle Fritz and the dentist laughed.

Maybe they laughed at the funny pictures. Do you suppose they did?

"How old is your little brother?"

"One year."

"Ah, I've got a dog a year old and he can walk twice as well as your brother."

"Well, so he ought; he's got twice as many legs."

THE BIRDS' GOOD FAIRY.

Many long years ago all the birds were pure white and all sang the same song. The birds were often discontented with their lot and wished that they might be changed.

One day a good fairy came to them and said: "The time has come when you may change your forms and colors, your habits and songs, and when each of you will have a name of your own. Ask whatever you will and it will be granted. How do you wish to be changed?" she asked one of the birds.

"I wish to be large, at least a foot long, with strong wings and a short, square tail. My coat will be of a blue-gray color with bars of white upon it. I will wear a crown of feathers and across my white vest there will be a band of gray. My whole costume must be waterproof, as I will dive into the streams to catch fish for food. As to my voice, I do not care about it so long as I look well; make it anything you wish."

"Your wish will come true. You will be a beautiful bird, but your song will be naught but a rattle. You will be called the Kingfisher because of your crown and the manner in which you will earn your living. And how may I serve you?" she asked another.

"If I may be a beautiful singer I will dress simply in a coat of brown with a speckled breast. My food will be insects, strawberries and cherries."

"You will be called the Thrasher, because of your habit of switching your long brown tail to and fro. How will you change?" the fairy asked the next white bird.

"I wish to be jet black with scarlet shoulders. My song will be like the fall of crystal pure water. I will indeed be a beautiful singer. Blackbird will be my name."

"It shall be as you say. What will be your changes?"

"I will be a beautiful, slender bird of brown, black and white. My cry will be as plaintive as the sighing of the wind in the pine trees. I will be famous because of the ruses by which I will lead intruders from the vicinity of my nest."

"You will be called the Kildeer."

Then the Woodpecker, the Flicker, the Creeper, the Peacock, the Oriole and all the other birds had their turns. Some remained white; others took on very gay colors. Some sang wonderfully, but some only made awful noises.

When all had told of their wishes the fairy waved her wand over them, and the different sorts of birds came into existence.

What an array of colors and what a babble they made when they uttered their first cries of exclamation cannot be imagined. Then each flew to the land that he chose for his home.

Today they keep the forms, colors and songs the fairy gave them so long ago.

AN ANAGRAM.

The school concert was about to begin. Four little girls were dressed to represent the word "star," and each had one letter of that word pinned on to her snowy-white frock. Each letter began the verse of a touching little song.

"Now," said the teacher, "form yourselves in position and wait until the curtain goes up."

The little girls did as they were told and while the piano played the accompaniment the curtain went up.

Instead of applause to greet the little girls deep silence from the audience met them. They had got into the wrong order and the word they spelt was "rats."

CURRENCY.

At Cobham, a rural station in central Virginia, Mr. Bell is the storekeeper. One day a small negro came into his store with a single egg. He went up to Mr. Bell and displayed the new-laid egg.

"Mr. Bell, mummer say please, sir, give her a needle for dis egg."

"You can get two needles for an egg," answered Mr. Bell.

"Nor, sir, mummer don' want two needles; she say please, sir, give me de change in cheese."

OFFICIAL.

"Now we'll play zoo," said Willie, "and I'll be the elephant."

"That will be fine," said Aunt Mabel. "But what shall I be?"

"Oh, you can be the nice lady what feeds the elephant with buns and sugar," explained Willie.

RIDDLES.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

Why are crockery-ware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers? Because it won't do for them to crack up their goods.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it doesn't run long without winding.

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink, and paper? Because they are stationary (stationery).

On what toe does a corn never come? The mistletoe.

Why is photography antagonistic to portrait painting? Because it is a foe-to-graphic art.

What do we all do when we first get into bed? Make an impression.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little radish (reddish).

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

Where lies the path of duty? Thru the custom house.

Why is a disreputable alehouse like two of the chief performers in an orchestra? Because it is a base and vile inn (bass and violin).

Why is a cherry like a book? Because it is read (red).

GOOD CARE.

During the progress of the morning's bath of an infant a neighbor's little girl came into the room carrying a doll and stood watching the operation for some time. The little girl's doll was much the worse for hard usage, being minus an arm and leg. Finally she said to the mother of the child:

"How long have you had your baby?"

The child was informed, and, looking from her doll to the baby, she said:

"My, but you have kept it nice!"

THAT DEPENDS.

A lady while walking along a crowded thorofare pushed a bootblack off the curb into the mud in the gutter. She instantly stopped and said:

"My boy, excuse me; I did not mean to push you."

The little fellow stared at her a moment and then turning to his companion said:

"Say, Mickey, I'd be pushed off'n the walk every day to have a real lady talk to me in that way."

AWFUL.

City Scout—"I once knew a man who was turned into wood."

Country Scout—"Nonsense!"

City Scout—"Not at all. He was taken on a vessel and then he was aboard."

Country Scout—"That's old. I knew a boy who was dumb for years and then gained speech in a minute."

City Scout—"How did he do it?"

Country Scout—"He went into a cycle shop and picked up a wheel and spoke."

A WARNING.

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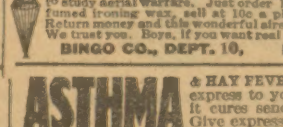

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¼-lb. Ginger (Ground)	25c	15c
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2 bars American Family Soap	16c	9c
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Billy—"Are you learning to swim, uncle?"

Uncle—"Why, no. What made you ask?"

Billy—"I heard father say that you had a hard job keeping your head above water."

Regina's Reward.

There is an elderly member of the faculty of a New England university, a noted entomologist, who has retained in his employ a faithful cook whose services have extended over a period of twenty years.

Recently the professor summoned her to his study in a ceremonious way which was unusual.

"Regina," he began, "you have now been in my employ twenty years. As a reward I have determined to name the bug I recently discovered after you."

WHAT MATTERS IT?

They say Estelle is fair of face,
That she a Venus is for grace
And queenly dignity.
They say she has a clever mind,
And yet withal is good and kind.
But what is that to me?
For if Estelle is plain to me,
What matters it how fair she be?

They say Elaine is plain of face,
That she hath neither form nor grace
To those with eyes to see,
They say her mind is sluggish quite,
Her character a little light.
But what is that to me?
For if Elaine is fair to me,
What matters it how plain she be?

Defined at Last.

At a large dinner party at Hatfield a bumptious young man, very much up-to-date, was teasing his neighbor, an old-fashioned squire, whom Lord Salisbury highly appreciated. The young man constantly referred to him as "Philistine." At last the old gentleman testily replied:

"I don't know what you mean by a Philistine."

"Don't you?" said Lord Salisbury. "A Philistine is a gentleman who is annoyed by the jaw-bone of an ass."

Paid No Admission.

Things looked black for the dramatist. For the fourth time in one season a play had been withdrawn after a week's run.

"Cheer up, old man," said a consoling friend. "Perhaps posterity will recognize the genius displayed in your plays."

"Maybe," said the dramatist, bitterly, "but the difficulty is that, so far as I am concerned, posterity is on the free list."

Improvements of Nature.

Little Beryl, aged about 10, was no doubt a very pretty and intelligent youngster, but she had one fault—she was vain. At every available opportunity she would gaze at herself complacently in the looking glass. Her fond papa noticed the habit and took it upon himself to correct it.

"Why do you always look in the glass?" he asked.

"I was just thinking how nice I looked," answered Beryl.

"You mustn't be so vain, child," said papa. "Remember, we are all as Nature made us."

"Did Nature make you, papa?" asked Beryl.

"Yes."

"Then," said Beryl, looking at him and then at her reflection in the mirror, "don't you think Nature is turning out better work than she used to?"

Officer—"Was it a very valuable car?"

Jones—"Oh, the car wasn't worth much, but the tank was half full of gasoline."

The Rival Doctors.

The rivalry between the two local doctors was very keen and they never lost an opportunity of "scoring" off one another.

On one occasion they met and Doctor Lancet said to his colleague:

"I notice that you occasionally take a patient out for a drive."

"Yes," was Doctor Endem's reply. "I think it does them good."

"But, my dear sir, it isn't professional. I never do it."

"No," was Doctor Endem's retort. "I notice that when your patients go driving the undertaker usually accompanies them."

Just So.

"Listen to this, Matilda," said Mr. Snooks, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious, James!" exclaimed Mrs. Snooks, with a smile, "them's what they call hardened criminals, I expect."

A Varied Diet.

"Do you have much variety at your boarding-house?" inquired one boarder of a friend who lived down the block.

"Well, we have three different names for the meals," replied the other.

Anything for an Excuse.

"Ethel is taking violin lessons."

"She is? Why, the poor girl hasn't the slightest ear for music."

"I know; but she has beautiful elbows."

"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the garden, Ben Bolt;
The garden they set you to hoe?
It was just a wee patch, for a grown man to scratch,
But to you, there seemed miles in each row!

He Was Sorry.

The unsettled state of Irish affairs reminds one of a slip made by the Duke of Wellington during a House of Lords' debate on Ireland. In the course of his speech he mentioned that two clergymen had been murdered in Ireland.

A noble lord on the other side of the house rose at once to correct him.

"No, no; only one."

"Only one?" rejoined the Duke. "Well, if I am mistaken I am sorry."

Similar Tastes.

A French lady recently married because the bridegroom's taste and hers were similar. "I don't care very much for him and he doesn't care very much for me," she explained.

Leave Well Alone.

Captain—"Have you changed the guard yet?"

The Newchum Junior—"No, sir; the old guard was doing the job so well, sir, I thought I'd let 'em stay on, sir."

A New Hand.

Friend — "I don't see how you can cook and play the piano at the same time. How do you know when things are done?"

Bride — "Oh, when I smell something burning!"

Too Much.

The Cheery One—"Well, Si, I suppose when you get home the folk will kill the fatted calf."

The Ill One—"Stop! For heaven's sake!"—Judge.

Glad to Be Home.

Virginia, a debutante, came in from a month's visit to friends. Dropping into a chair she sighed in satisfaction and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad to be at home."

Her sister looked up inquiringly.

"Didn't you have a good time, Gin?"

"A good time! Yes," she responded, "a glorious time, but I am so tired having to be pleasant."—Judge.

His Share.

Officer (to private)—"What the devil are you doing down that shell-hole? Didn't you hear me say we were out against four to one?"

Geordie (a trade unionist)—"Ay. Aa heard you; but aa've killed ma fower."

Safe.

Servant—"I can't get this 'ere tail-light to burn, sir!"

Country Doctor—"Oh, never mind. We're only going home, and I've got the constable safe in bed with lumbago."

The Sarcastic Motorist.

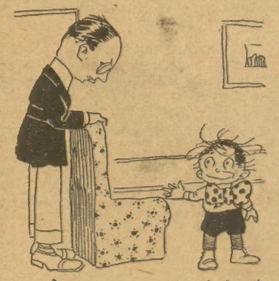
"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Coppem, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of the road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and besides——"

"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble to do that," was the prompt reply. "I would sooner pay fifty times than disturb the sergeant at his meals."



"Well, Willie, I suppose you had a nice sojourn in the country?"

"Um, well, I had lots of nice apples an' peaches an' watermelons an' things, but I guess them sojourn things wasn't ripe yet."

A Complete Job.

They were a very tired battalion and a very Cockney battalion, and when they spoke to the members of the battalion who had met them their speech was rich with expletives.

Said a sympathizer of the other battalion:

"You look jolly tired, mate. 'Ave yer bin far?"

The spokesman of the weary ones answered shortly and sweetly:

"Bin fer! Why, we've walked over nearly the 'ole o' France, and wot we ain't walked over we've got in our sandbags."

Hated to Admit It.

Jimmy had a scolding wife, but was never willing to admit it.

"Now, Jimmy," said a fellow workman one day, "doesn't your wife really scold sometimes?"

"Well," replied Jimmy reluctantly, "she doesn't really scold, but she does argue sometimes so that you could hear her a mile away."

Precaution.

Gipsy Fortune Teller (seriously)—"Let me warn you. Somebody's going to cross your path."

Motorist—"Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap?"

What Chance Had He?

"Does your wife always think twice before she speaks once, as she resolved to do?"

"Gracious, no. She can't think in shorthand!"

MY LAUNDEREE.

The socks I sent to thee, dear heart—
Oh, were you stringin' me?—
I count them over, o'er and o'er,
My hosiery, my hosiery!

I do not mind the mark of tin,
The darnin's fierce but free,
For that lost pair I should not care,
But, oh, you have lost three!
And what is one
Odd s-o-c-k to me?
My hosiery!
My hosiery!

Against the Rules.

The new doorkeeper at the museum turnstile had learned a book of rules by heart before taking over the job.

"Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who had failed to hand over that article.

"But I haven't an umbrella," the visitor pleaded.

"Then go back and get one," said the keeper. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."

Doctors Don't Know Everything.

"I thought you told me that your doctor had ordered you to quit drinking?" said Smith.

"Aw, these doctors don't know what they are talking about," replied Brown, as he stirred his highball. "I quit drinking for two days and I didn't feel a bit better."

Editor—"Our war correspondent has been wounded at the front."

Manager—"Heavens! They must have invented a gun that will shoot 200 miles."

Appearances Deceptive.

The aunt of a little boy was amazed at the appetite exhibited by him during a recent stay in her household.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed one day. "But you certainly eat a terrible lot, Willie, for such a little fellow!"

Willie, however, was not at all upset by this.

"I expect," he rejoined, "that I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

Medical Officer—"What's the matter with you, my man?"
Private—"Valvular disease of the heart, sir."
Medical Officer—"My word! How did you get that?"
Private—"Last medical board give it to me, sir."

Mr. Wratt—"How do you manage to get off to go to the ball games in the summer?"

Mr. Phrog—"I'm always telling my boss that some new relative has croaked."

Speed Was Regulated.

Two Irishmen from out of town were nearly hit by an auto this morning in front of the 5-cent store. Recovering from the shock of the near collision, one man began a series of exclamations.

"I thought that speed was regulated in this town," he said, with an angry glance at the receding machine.

"Speed is regulated," rejoined the other.

"How?"

"No one can go faster in the city limits than fifteen miles an hour without breaking the law."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, it is a fact. If you want to race autos in this town you've got to go slow."

A Misunderstanding.

President Alan R. Hawley of the Aero Club of America was defending, at a dinner in New York, an American aeroplane that had been attacked.

"The men who attack this aeroplane," he said, "are as ignorant of flying as the farmer was ignorant of golf.

"A farmer, crossing a golf field, got hit by a ball in the eye. He ran back and roared at the golfer:

"'This'll cost ye jest $5 cash in the hand down.'

"'But I yelled "Fore!" at the top of my lungs,' said the golfer.

"'Oh, did ye?' said the farmer, in a mollified tone. 'Well, I didn't hear ye. I'll take four!'"

HOTFOOT HOGAN'S RUSE

OUR MOTION PICTURE SHOW

"Gee, dis is de hottest race de canine family has furnished me fer some days! He is suttenly comin' some, an' I'm goin' some, too!

"It shall never be said that Hotfoot Hogan's ingenuity failed him in de hour of trial! Git bizzy my brain! Git bizzy!

"Wid dis loop round your caudal appendage, otherwise known commonly as tail, I dub yeh can-ine and ready fer de cannery!

"Onest more it is demonstrated dat de human interleck rises superior to its environment notwithstandin' its outer habillerments—Oh, slush!"

Into the Unknown

Or, Rajah and Ruby

By Will Gage Carey

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CHAPTER XII.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ALTHO there now existed a certain bond of sympathy between ourselves and King Bolero—a mutual determination of purpose—it must not be supposed that any feeling of cordial friendship could be evidenced. We were not welcome upon Mandalore—merely tolerated. He felt that in this time of extremity he could perhaps use us—then deal with us as he saw fit later.

He agreed, however, to deliver our message of defiance: and we were assured that, for the nonce, the liberty of the island was ours. To this last stipulation there was a string which seriously hampered making necessary plans—we could go about very much as pleased upon the island, but must remain separated, and were forbidden to talk with each other or with Lucia Coiffi!

This edict—the King's own—was wellnigh disastrous to our hopes and plans; many carefully considered projects would have to be put thru within the next twenty-four hours, if we saved the life of the Princess. How, then, could this be done if we three were deprived of all communication? It was plainly evident that the King intended to enforce his ruling to the letter. Rodney Bond was left entirely to his own devices, but Lucia was confined in the palace, and three evil-looking bowmen were detailed to be my constant attendants and guard. True, they kept at some little distance; but near enough to see that I made no attempt to converse with either Rodney or the Princess.

Before being separated from Bond, however, I contrived to whisper to him unnoticed: "You must seek out Miabelle Nazaro; tell her that if she will aid us now, she will never be bothered again with the Princess of Mandalore. Play it up strong; she, doubtless, will have access to all three of us, and can carry messages. It is our last and only hope!"

It was lucky for us that Rodney, thru his former business relations, had so established himself upon the island that he was now left to go and come as he pleased; and he made the most of it. First of all, he went down among the crags along the eastern coast, and started work upon the launch. When needed repairs were completed, he laid in supplies for a voyage out to sea. Then he arranged, unobserved, to have a little talk with Miabelle; he gained her confidence and her assurance of help. By the time she reached me, I had my plan all worked out in my mind; she carried my instructions back to Rodney—and a little letter to Lucia, acquainting her of certain facts and plans, and bidding her to appear disconsolate outwardly, but to feel inwardly that all would be well with her if she proved brave and steady, and did just as we told her.

With his multifarious details to see after, Rodney Bond was as busy all day long (and all night) as a one-eyed gent at a four-ringed circus; but for my part, when not sending surreptitious messages, I had much time for pensive reflection. Despite desperate conditions of the present, I found myself meditating no little upon my lost property, the Ruby of Roo, and the Florentine bust. What had become of them? If the Maid of Normandy was wrecked by the typhoon, had the Rajah Mazajinfizzi and the valet escaped death? Were my treasures still in their keeping? I had regretted a hundred times, possibly, that my search had been interrupted by the valet before I had an opportunity of exploring the depths of that big green sea-chest of the Rajah's. Had my belongings been secreted there? I could not help feeling that such was the case.

Concerning the ruby, I had given up hope of ever looking upon it again, and tried to reconcile myself to such belief; the same held true for the bust as well, and strange as it may seem, I dreaded losing that forever worse than my forced parting with the jewel. For I was convinced now, from the indistinct lettering upon the base—C-o-f-f-i—That the original must have been some far, far distant ancestor of little Lucia Coiffi herself; the resemblance was far too striking to be otherwise. If I could be the humble means of restoring the child to her mother—together with a bust of some ancient member of the illustrious family—well, from a sentimental standpoint, that would be a reunion worth while!

Beside feeling undying gratitude to Rodney and myself should we be so fortunate as to restore her daughter to her arms, I knew that Lucia's mother would in all probability be glad to pay twice the price for the ancestral bust that I had expected from the client for whom it was originally purchased. Assuredly, however, my interest in the Coiffi family—mother and daughter—was no mercenary one; rather one of mercy. In my brief acquaintance with little Lucia, her charm of manner, her gentleness and grace had quite captivated me. The bizarre idea of her being exposed upon the ledge to the merciless archers below, with shafts aimed at her shrinking, trembling form was horrible—unbearable! So then, instead of pining over my inability to hand over to Mrs. Coiffi the carven image of Lucia, it now behooved me to bend every thought and energy in an effort to save Lucia herself.

Our plans for the following night all well under way, I started out on a long tramp over the island, hoping that brisk exercise and the invigorating sea air would get my nerves and muscles in fit shape for the supreme test to come—our fight against the grim orgies, nocturnal rites and hideous superstitious beliefs brought down to this present generation of Mandalores from the dark ages of long ago. I was careful not to go too near that portion of the isle where Rodney had the launch hidden; for everywhere I went I was more or less secretly shadowed. In fact, an extra guard had been placed around the entire shore-line, to prevent any attempt on our part to escape. Yes; the situation now was most critical. The slightest slip now, one broken link in our carefully wrought chain of strategy, and the archers whose aim never failed would have not only one target but three!

Wearied at last, at nearly sundown, I returned to the little thatched bungalow which had been assigned to me; here a satisfying repast was brought, after which I lighted a cigar of native tobacco, and was left to pass the dragging hours of the night.

Of King Bolero I had seen nothing; Miabelle informed me that he had retired to an inner chamber of the palace and refused to come forth—sulking like Achilles in his tent. Strange, dual-natured Ruler of Mandalore—all powerful, yet powerless in the hour of grim and tragic need!

About 8 o'clock, I should judge, Miabelle came in for a little chat with me. Now that she was working with us instead of against, I found that she was by no means void of good traits and qualities; and she has been as carefully educated as Lucia herself. I knew that her accusations against Lucia had been prompted by dictates of an aching heart. She was madly, frenziedly in love with young Prince Zahr. Still, she appeared genuinely glad now that there seemed a way of accomplishing her desires without bringing destruction to Lucia Coiffi.

"With the Princess of Mandalore out of your way, Miabelle," I said to her, "are you sure then of Prince Zahr?"

Her dark eyes flashed as she answered, "Leave it to me!"—which, of course, I was entirely satisfied to do.

A little before midnight she returned again.

This time, without uttering a word, she beckoned me to follow, and turned again out into the night. She led me along a winding trail thru the forest, our only light the pale, wan beams of a new moon still low in the sky. Presently, from some far point on ahead, came the sound of a weird chant; we hastened our steps.

The chanting grew clearer; then, from a high cliff, we looked across a ravine to where myriad flaring torches lighted the way for a passing procession. In front walked slowly, sorrowfully, a slim figure robed all in white!

A pang of fear seized my heart. Had I been tricked? Had the time for the sacred test been secretly set ahead? If so, all our plans would be shattered and futile. Miabelle noted my apprehension; her next words were the most soothing I ever heard: "Don't worry," she said, at least, not yet. The victim is always taken to the sacrificial cavern twenty-four hours before the time for the archers' test. There the victim must remain, absolutely alone; no one is permitted to go near—none save the torchlighter who will ascend to the ledge tomorrow night to light the signal fires."

The spectral procession had now reached a ridge from which extended a narrow ledge of rocks leading over to the cavern. Here it stopped abruptly, only the figure ahead going on over the natural bridge of rock. Halfway across she seemed to waver as tho in affright; we saw her look back, pitifully, hopelessly—then pass on across, and into the cavern.

"It is the Bridge of Sighs," Miabelle whispered. Then she added, with something akin to sadness: "And no one condemned has yet recrossed the Bridge of Sighs."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MIDNIGHT ORGY.

SLEEP for me, that night, was out of the question, except in fitful, restless lapses when sheer physical fatigue overcame momentarily the activities of a mind distraught and perturbed. By 1 a. m. the pale young moon had given up its feeble efforts to light the universe, and retired in discomfited seclusion, leaving the island shrouded in a mantle black as the interior of some long-departed Pharaoh. Man, it was dark! And somewhere out there in the blackness I knew that faithful old Rodney Bond was finishing final arrangements for the part we were to play in the coming midnight orgy at the sacrificial cave.

From him my thoughts wandered to the little Princess of Mandalore, alone there in the grewsome cavern. Under conditions such as hers, the dictates and ceremonial rites of the witch-doctor forbade the victim having either food or drink during the twenty-four hour solitary vigil preceding the sacred test; but I knew that Rodney would get around this ancient, time-honored barbarity, and that Luica Coiffi would not suffer in at least one manner intended by her persecutors.

With Lucia unguarded in the cavern, it may appear strange that I did not join Rodney in an attempt to take her away at once to the concealed launch. No; the moment for such daring was not yet at hand. For tho those two were left unguarded, not so with me; and tho unseen by me, I knew that sharp, beady eyes from the surrounding darkness were fastened upon me every moment of the long, wearisome night. No, if we ever succeeded in breaking thru the armed circle of sharp-eyed bowmen guarding all trails and passages leading down to the shore, it must be at such a time when some unlooked-for event or great happening had thrown them, momentarily at least, into panic, into a great fear, during which their every thought would be centered on saving their own skins, rather than in a concerted effort to prevent escape. This state of affairs, be it said, I was hoping to bring about.

Shortly before dawn, I sank into a calm slumber from which I awakened soon after greatly refreshed, fit mentally and physically for the work ahead. Breakfast was brought in to me; then came a visit from Miabelle Nazaro, which was interrupted by a call from King Bolero himself. It seems that ruler and subjects alike were early risers on the isle of Mandalore. Before the King's entrance, however, this animated adoring one of the Prince Zahr slipped me a warning which proved that she was genuinely in sympathy with our cause.

"You've been in these seas before?" she asked.

"Yes; why?"

"On an island called Fhu-boo-loo?"

"Yes."

"And you had some trouble there with King Maori—ruler of Fhu-boo-loo—over a certain ruby?"

"Well, yes, Miabelle. Why do you ask me this?"

She continued in feverish haste: "King Bolero is fixing to double-cross you——"

"What do you mean?"

"He thinks your promised efforts, your ability to save the Princess by matching your own gods against the gods of Mandalore is all bunk!"

"Oh, he does?"

"Yes; and whether you succeed in saving Lucia or not, your finish is decided upon——"

"And this finish?"

"The ruler of Fhu-boo-loo, somehow, has learned of your presence here upon Mandalore; you are to be turned over to him."

"When?"

"At dawn, tomorrow."

I pressed her hand, and thanked her from my heart for her well-meant warning; but added: "I should worry about the ruler of Fhu-boo-loo, Miabelle mia; or about the ruler of any other little E-flat, one-lunged wart of an island in this whole neck of the woods; for if things run true to the dopesheet, by dawn tomorrow I will be kicking off space between me and Mandalore at a sixty-mile-an-hour clip, and what's more——"

It was at this point that the King entered abruptly. He cast a malignant glance of suspicion in our direction, then motioned Miabelle to leave.

"Well, Bolero," I said, genially, "I hope you slept fine and dandy?"

"King Bolero!" he snapped, by way of correction. "And I didn't sleep 'fine and dandy!'"

Our little tete-a-tete following brought forth neither anything jovial or of special import; and in a short time he took his leave, after cautioning me, sneeringly, that if I had anything to show, I'd better play it strong at midnight.

Now, altho the Mandalores may have been a few chips shy in certain respects and attributes, I can say this for them: there were certain classy press agents amongst them! The forthcoming midnight soiree had been properly billed, if the suppressed agitation and undoubted symptoms of fervid expectations could be taken as a criterion. All during the day, I could see little groups here and there, their heads together, talking excitedly of the coming sacred test of the coming bout between the heavyweight gods of Mandalore versus the Great Unknown! To the hordes of local natives

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood.—How to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your fagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run down people who were ailing all the time double, and even triple their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discoverey of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.

NOTE—The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its potency that they authorize the announcement that they will forfeit $100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

were constantly added other hordes equally as excited and impatient, arriving in boats from neighboring islands. The very air seemed charged with a mysterious something which thrilled, even while it seemed to awe these dusky fight fans. It promised to be the greatest night in local history—some doings!

Thruout the day I caught no glimpse of Rodney Bond; but Miabelle contrived to smuggle in word to me from him that so far all was well and in readiness for the sound of gong. I could exchange no message with Lucia; my faithful messenger Miabelle, shrewd as she was, dared not risk an attempt to visit the sacrificial cavern. Thus the day dragged by, alternate hope and fear obsessing me in turn.

The shades of night fell; the hour of midnight drew near.

Excitement was now at fever heat, yet not a sound of a clamorous kind could be heard upon the still night air; the hour was too pregnant with possibilities for either festivity or uproar.

From the doorway of my bungalow I peered forth into the darkness. I longed for company, for comradeship of some sort; but I was left entirely alone—except for the eyes of my armed guard, which I could still feel fastened upon me from somewhere in the inscrutable depths around me.

The multitudes, in grim silence, were moving toward the sacrificial cavern, going along the trail whence Miabelle had conducted me the night before. I could see no need to wait longer; I joined the silent, slow-moving mass of humanity, guided thru the forest depths by instinct rather than sight; for no torch shone in all that somber, ghoulish march.

We reached a point adjacent to the Bridge of Sighs; the multitude came to a halt, and I took up a stand a little to one side, where I could see and hear all which the next half-hour would have in store.

I think it hardly possible that a multitude such as that, aroused to the highest pitch, could remain absolute still. There were fervid whispers, which, in unison, made a noise far more frightful and uncanny than shrieks and shouting could have produced. A cold shiver swept down my spine, and a sweat broke out upon my brow.

Suddenly, on the ledge across the ravine, a torch flared up—then another, and another; five were lighted along the length of ledge, no more. The entrance of the cavern was now in full view, yet in the flickering glare by no means clear and distinct. I glanced down in the ravine where shone now one solitary torch. Beside it stood four grim figures in black—the archers! They stood there like ebony statues, with arrows to bowstrings, looking upward to the ledge.

A low chant arose; it swelled upon the still air, breaking into a wild, unearthly shriek from ten thousand throats; it was the signal for the coming of the one accused!

I stood there, my eyes strained upon the ledge, my fists clinched, waiting, waiting.

A figure robed in white appeared at the entrance; slowly, falteringly it moved out upon the uncertain light of the ledge; it came to a stop, upright and rigid. For a full moment silence as of a tomb hung over the multitude; then again arose that shriek as from souls condemned to eternal torture, the archers' signal!

I saw the long bows drawn back; then, at a word, the cords twanged in unison; the shafts sped upward! The white-robed form swayed and shook with the impact of four arrows quivering in the breast—swayed, trembled, but fell not! A howl of fright and agonized fear arose from the multitude. The gods of the Unknown were beginning to triumph! The victim had been spared, had failed to fall, as for centuries of such rites the victim had always fallen! What would come next? The howl died away—and then, the right arm of the figure above slowly raised. From out the accusing hand leaped a flame of fire! Out over the prostrate throng it sped, a lurid pathway across the black sky! It was more than they could stand; riot began, a wild, mad scramble to get away from the rain of fire—nothing else mattered!

But the figurehead from the Maid of Normandy—pushed out upon the ledge by old Rodney Bond—tho she still stood there steady and calm despite the four arrows in her breast, spouted forth no more fire; for Rodney had run out of ammunition.

He had found but the one solitary rocket in the locker of the launch!

CHAPTER XIV.

ADIOS!

NOT a second was to be lost; at any time at least some of the wiser heads upon Mandalore might scent the trick; the stricken now by unreasoning fear, the recovery would come soon—then vengeance and retribution!

With all haste possible then, I made my way to that part of the coast upon which I had been cast up by the waves. Not a second too soon I reached the shelter of the crags; for now great bonfires were flaring up all over the island; and a shout, loud and vengeful, which made the earlier efforts of the superstitious multitude seem like the sighing of a summer zephyr.

I found Rodney Bond, and with him little Lucia Coiffi, all of a tremble, but safe. The launch was ready and waiting; we shoved off, and as we did so the light of a great fire on a cliff above suddenly sprang up, showing us as plainly as tho in a search-light! We were discovered; a shower of arrows fell around us; wild, frenzied shouts and battle-cries rent the air; from points along the shore boats began putting off in pursuit.

Followed then an anxious moment—we were threatened with engine trouble! Then, as tho sensing the danger about to engulf us, the little engine began chugging away merrily, and we were soon safely beyond the reach of poisoned arrows, even tho the blood-curdling yells of the disgruntled savages still echoed over the water in our wake.

Then, without saying a word, I reached over and clasped the old gnarled hand of Rodney Bond, and that clasp conveyed more than words could ever have done. Also, I extended my hand to the little Princess, but she ignored it entirely. Instead, to my astonishment, she threw her warm brown arms about my neck, and implanted a fervent kiss upon either cheek.

Day dawned, the gray of the eastern horizon giving way to great streamers of pink, reflecting in the water like an enchanted coral island. We took our course straight to the west, trusting before night to strike the course of the big ships.

Of course, we had much to talk over; and in the midst of the animated conversation I remarked to the Princess:

"Well, Lucia, Miabelle Nazaro served us faithfully—even tho she did falsely accuse you of stealing from the temple, didn't she?"

The laughter left her eyes, and her manner became grave.

"She didn't accuse me falsely," she said, quietly.

I looked at her in amazement. "Why, what do you mean, Lucia?" I exclaimed.

"Just what I say."

"That—that you——"

"Yes; that I stole the little idol!"

"Lucia!"

"Miabelle spoke only the truth; she saw me take it from the altar——"

"But why——"

"Listen: When you were telling your story to Rodney Bond and me in the cavern, my heart went out to you when you said that you would give up your own mission in the Southern seas to help save me; then you told of losing a great ruby, and a little image on the big ship——"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well—do you remember that right then I got up and ran out of the cavern?"

"I do, Lucia."

"This is why I left so suddenly. Early that morning—before Rodney found you and the launch—a great sea-chest was washed up on shore, a little farther down the coast. It was bound with brass, and——"

"What color was it, Lucia?" I broke in breathlessly

"It was green. It was taken directly to the place. I was there when it was opened! It held all sorts of beautiful cloth, and pretty things. There was a lacquer-ware box—such as you mentioned losing. Inside was a pretty little idol; they took this over at once to the temple, and put it on the sacred altar."

"Go on, Lucia."

"Well, when I heard your story, I knew that the little idol did not belong in the temple; it belonged to you! I went and got it—and Miabelle saw me——"

"You risked your life to do this for me!"

"You had already promised to risk yours to save my life—to get me away from Mandalore! I ran with the box down toward the cavern; before I could reach you, I saw that I was being pursued. I hid the box in the bottom of the locker in the launch; then I ran to the cavern—and they came and dragged me away, as you know——"

"And the lacquer-ware box?"

She arose and went to the bow of the boat; she came back, bearing the box triumphantly in her arms. The lock was broken; I raised the lid. There was the Florentine bust, and from a golden chain encircling its neck was held suspended—the Ruby of Roo!

I could only gaze, fascinated; it all seemed too good to be true; I feared to speak, thinking that to do so would break the magic spell—that my priceless possessions would vanish into thin air!

"Now, that ruby," Lucia went on, in a matter-of-fact way, "was stowed away down in the bottom of the green sea-chest. But they seemed to think it went along with the idol; so they battered out a chain of gold, and hung it around the idol's neck!" She turned to me then, and added prettily:

"Here are your possessions; and now—have I made you as happy by restoring them to you, as you have made me by taking me back to my own people?"

I took her hand in mine.

"Lucia Coiffi," I said, "no one—anywhere—could possibly have such happiness as mine at this moment!"

Her eyes turned away out over the waste of water; they gleamed thru a mist when she looked at me again, and said softly: "Yes—there will be another even greater happiness than yours!"

"How—what do you mean, Lucia?"

"I mean," she answered, pointing to the western horizon, "the happiness of a little mother—in that far, far land beyond!"

The End.

* * *

MAKING UP.

"There's no pleasing a man!" Mrs. Simpson's tone was pained rather than angry. Then she turned to leave the room.

Simpson went on reading his paper instead of making any withering remarks. She hesitated, her hand on the doorknob, and then turned toward him.

"I—I've tried so hard, ever since we've been married, to please you!" she said. "I've tried to make the home as pleasant as possible and—and I just can't satisfy you!" She waited, her mouth set in a line of pain, her eyes fixed reproachfully on her husband.

"Now," remonstrated Simpson, patiently, "what's the use? I just happened to suggest that the steak might have been slightly more tender——"

"Tender!" Mrs. Simpson clasped her hands. "Once a man's married, taken a girl from her happy home, promised her everything in the world, he proceeds to connect the word tender only with beefsteak! Some people's hearts are tender enough."

Simpson finished the column he was reading. "What did you say?" he inquired, politely.

"I gave up going away this summer," his wife mournfully went on, "so that you might be comfortable. I've stood over the hot stove baking in the hottest weather so that you might have good food!"

"Now, my dear," said Simpson, "did I ever ask you to bake in the hot weather? Haven't I always said emphatically that I detested hot food in hot weather? Haven't I asked time and again that we might dine on a cold fare once in a while, and——"

"That's it! I simply can't satisfy you! Whatever I do is wrong! You always want just what I haven't done!"

"But, great Scot! If it's unbearable for you to stand over the stove and cook hot things, since it's unbearable for me to eat them after they're cooked, in the name of all that's sensible, why not choose the bearable alternative?"

"That's right! Scold me, if you want to!" She wiped her eyes carefully. "That's what wives are for. Things for men to vent their wrath on! And after I've passed the whole morning working for you—sorting all your things and cleaning up the den——"

"I've asked you a thousand times to let those things alone," broke in Simpson, impatiently.

"Oh, I knew you'd not be pleased. But it's something to know that I've been doing right, even if no one appreciates it. If I should die—and I get tired very easily, as I discovered when I ran up to the den so often and back to the basement with the things——"

"Have you been carting my things to the basement? Well, of all"—Simpson swallowed some extra words.

"I've only taken out the things that you never use—saved you a lot of work. But, never mind." She sat down and pressed her forehead suggestively. "My head is simply hammering. I never could stand to be found constant fault with, and it's telling on me. My nerves are almost shattered!"

"I'm surprised that you haven't lamed yourself with a sprained ankle going up and down stairs! Are you sure your heart isn't acting up, after all your exertions?"

Mrs. Simpson put her head down on her arms and sobbed once or twice, quietly. Then she wiped her eyes and arose slowly. "I see you can't bear to have your wife around, so I'll go to my room," she said. "And," she added, turning toward him a look of meek submission, "I mended all your old socks today, too."

"Well, send them to the Salvation Army," replied her husband, gruffly. "I've been trying to get them darned for a month and finally gave it up, and you know I bought a lot of socks last week. Why on earth did you decide to do the mending after I quit needing it done?"

"Well, I found time to"—she watched him longingly and sighed. "Harry," she exclaimed, "why are you so cross to me?" She rushed over to him. "Tell me you're sorry," she pleaded, "and I'll forbear to quarrel with you. You are sorry, aren't you, dear?"

"Yes, yes—you're in my light!" he replied, as he put away her encircling arms and picked up his paper.

"Oh, it's so good to be friends again!" sighed Mrs. Simpson, happily.

* * *

Put His Foot Down.

Mrs. Will Irwin said at a Washington Square tea:

"The most immodest fashions would disappear if men would resolutely oppose them.

"I know a woman whose dressmaker sent home a skirt that was, really, too short altogether. The woman put it on. It was becoming enough, dear knows, but it made her feel ashamed. She entered the library, and her husband looked up from his work with a dark frown.

"'I wonder,' she said, with an embarrassed laugh, 'if these ultra-short skirts will ever go out?'

"'They'll never go out with me,' he answered in decided tones."

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but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. There is no expense or risk to you at any time. All we ask is that you do as we say. Will you? Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem FREE. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Town.....

VACATION HINT.

I get two weeks to go away
And rest from labor!
It is a happy scheme, I say—
So does my neighbor.
We go each year to Skeeterbite-
Beside-the-Ocean;
But there the resting is not quite
To suit my notion.

We're up at dawn and off we go,
Perchance, canoeing.
The sun beats down and lets me know
The things it's doing;
My face is burned, my back is lame
My arms are aching—
In this delightful summer game
Small joy I'm taking.

So now I've schemed a little scheme
To show the bosses;
It is a toiler's cherished dream
Which brings no losses;
I think it is the very best
In all creation—
I'll ask a week or two to rest
From my vacation

The Last Melon.

"Yes, suh. I shore has raised watermelons. Yes, suh. An' I shore r'members the last' one I raised, too. I ain't likely to forget it."

Taylor's face broke into a grin that spread nearly from ear to ear, and his woolly head was weaving from side to side.

"You know, I'd been drivin' that mule team past that melon patch ever since them vines done start sproutin'. An' if it ain' more'n twelve miles to the best watermelon patch in the district, I'm a-goin' to look it over jus' for curiosity sake, if nothin' else.

"An' whilst I was a-drivin' pas' every day, I sees one that was jus' natcherly a-racin' itself to death gettin' bigger'n any the others I could see from the road.

"Now, you was askin' me if I ever raised melons an' I'm a-tellin' you about the las' one I ever raised, the very las' one in my life, so I might's well tell you howso it all comes about. You see, I snuck up to that ol' worm fence once evenin' and done made a slip-gap right there in front of where I been seein' this melon growin' itself all out o' reason. Ol' man done flopped a cloth over it day afore, so I knows she's about due for somethin' er other to happen to her.

"Clear up yonder on the porch I sees the ol' man an' the ol' lady a-settin', ol man a-smokin' his pipe and every once in a while a-swipin' one of these yere sulphur matches on the post and holdin' it up to his pipe.

"I stretches up this yere long neck o' mine an' looks over yere an' over there, an' then that ol' hungry houn' dog goes 'woof, woof,' an' I jerks my haid down and waits an' waits an' pretty soon the ol' houn' jus' natcherly quits an' I raises up again slow and qui't an' looks all 'roun'. The ol' lady is still a-settin' on the porch, but the ol' man ain't there, an' I says to myself, 'He's gone in the house an' now's the time, or never.'

"So I wiggles thru the slip-gap in the fence and crawls along on my han's an' knees until I reaches that melon. I stretches up my long neck aga'n, an' I looks this yere way an' that there way an' I listens an' there ain' a soun'. An' I begins rollin' that melon 'long a-front o' me, jus like this, over an' over. An' then I stops an' sticks up my haid an' looks all 'roun' an' don't see nothin', an' I jus' rolls that melon up on my back an' wiggles 'long on my belly like a snake to'a'ds that slip-gap. An' pretty soon I reaches it an' lif's that melon up front o' me an' pushes it thru the fence. It's kindy down hill jus' outside the fence an' she rolls plumpity plump, she's so ripe.

"But say! Well—I'm a-tellin' you. Right side o' me, yere at the corner of the fence, I hears a noise, an' afore I can move somethin' hits me. I went thru the fence all right, but I didn't crawl thru. I jus' natcherly got kicked plum' thru, an' all in one kick, too.

"An, off I starts, a-hittin' that melon a kick as I went, an' a-scuttlin' 'cross the road an' into the bushes on t'other side, an' then I squats. I begins feelin' my hip an' I don' need nobody to tell me there ain' nary bit o' hide lef'. I raises up this yere long neck o' mine an' looks all 'roun' an' I sees the ol' man goin' 'long the road right pas' the bushes where I'm a-squattin'. An' I ups an' woodchucks back thru the bushes an' 'cross the road, an' there I sees that melon all busted up. I jus' out with my shirt tail an' schoops up all those pieces jus' like a ol' mammy in her apern, an' man, did I run? I did. What's more, I don't never stop till I gets to the top of the ridge.

"But say! When I sot down an' starts on that melon! I reaches for a piece with this yere han'. An' then I reaches for a piece with this yere han'. An' then I'm eatin' a piece fum this yere han' an' reachin' for 'nother piece with this yere other han', both 't same time.

"But nex' mornin' I'm goin' to town with that there mule team when I meets Mr. Fostah.

"'Say, Taylor, hold up a minute,' says he. But, shucks! What's the use a-recollectin' troubles that done passed years ago. I ain't goin' to tell you no more. No, suh, I ain' goin' say no more. But that was the las' one I done raised. Yes, suh, that was the las' melon I done raised, the very las' one."

LAST LETTERS TO FATHER.

Put the house in order, hubby—have it
garnished fair and fine,
For vacation time is over and we're
coming home to dine.
In the treasury we're hoping sundry
dollars yet may be.
(Sixteen trunks of shells we send you
and they're coming C. O. D.)

Now no more will you be lonely, toiling
at your dusty desk,
While we watched the foaming billows,
roamed the country picturesque;
You deserve a long vacation—but the
season now is late,
(Since our board bills are so heavy they
will come to you by freight.)

Summer friends we're bringing with us;
make the place a glad surprise;
Keep the old lawn mower humming; it
is splendid exercise!
Have the table heaped with plenty, tho
the cost of living's high,
(Drawing on you for a hundred—for
our tickets. Now, good-by!)

Some Doubt.

The way they do things in some of the odd corners of the British Empire, where they are comparatively free from wireless telegrams, is very pretty. The officer in charge of a certain hinterland received from his superior officer at the base some time in August, 1914, this message:

"War has been declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptitude the superior officer received this reply:

"Have arrested seven Germans, four Russians, two Frenchmen, five Italians, two Roumanians and an American. Please say who we are at war with."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words; less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., 13 Card St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: BIG HIT: OUR 5 PIECE ALUMInum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than enamel ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 years. Retail value $5.00. You sell to housewives for only $1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. N N. 5, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS—DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS IN concentrated form. Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand. Big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular priced, fast selling, household necessities. We furnish free outfits. Write today—now. American Products Co., 8354 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

1917'S GREATEST SENSATION, 11 PIECE toilet goods combination selling like blazes at $1.00 with $1.00 carving set free. Everybody buys. Engle's profit first week $51.00. Great crew proposition. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

RUSH POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE "SPIK & Span." Wonderful new washing tablet. Washes clothes spotless, without rubbing. Tremendous seller. 200% profit. Free samples to boost sales. Charles Newberry, 200 Peoria, Chicago.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 595, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES selling window gold sign letters. Anyone can put on. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

STEADY INCOME ASSURED TAKING ORders ladies' silk waists. No cash required. System Manufacturing Co., 807, Altoona, Pa.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS NOW open to men-women. $100.00 month. Common education sufficient. Vacations. Short hours. Rapid promotion. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.50 PER 100 COLLECTING NAMES [illegible] National Factors Works, Little Falls, Minnesota.

HELP WANTED—(Continued)

WANT A BIGGER JOB? MORE SALARY? Less work? Particulars free. Henry Shaw, Director, 44 Boylston St., Boston, Dept. 10.

MALE HELP WANTED

$20.00 WEEKLY MADE WRITING NAMES for Mail Order Houses. No canvassing. Particulars free. The Guide Company, Dept. B, Memphis, Tenn.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS young man in each county to learn and do detective work. Write P. O. Box 867, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours. $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED —FIRST CLASS WOMAN BOOKkeeper; one who has ability as typist. State experience. Address Accounting Dept., W. D. Boyce Company, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTHERN LAND FOR SALE

VIRGINIA, N. C., W. VA., & OHIO FARMS at $15.00 per acre and up offer big values for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Rwy., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—FIRST CLASS WOMAN BOOKkeeper; one who has ability as typist. State experience. Address Accounting Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500-514 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

INVEST IN GOLD AND SILVER MINES, showing promise of raising another crop of millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 693 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

GET CASH FOR YOUR FARM WITHOUT paying big commissions. Write Mohler, Box 453, Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

$20 TO $50 NIGHTLY. COMPLETE PROfessional outfit, machine, film, everything furnished on payment plan. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B, 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

$50.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. START WITH small capital. No experience needed. Guaranteed machine. Complete outfits. Write for particulars. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., FA, Baltimore, Md.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

CONSUMERS: WRITE FOR THE WAR BULletin of cut rate Household Specialties. Cuts cost of living. Free on request. Otis Specialty Co., Dept. C, 31 Michigan Ave., Lynn, Mass.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MARRY. YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON a postal will bring you full particulars concerning thousands of wealthy and attractive ladies desiring early marriage. Write quick. Sincere Club, B520, Valley, Nebr.

PERSONAL—CONTINUED

GOOD HEALTH IS GOOD WEALTH. GOOD health adds years to your age. Good health brings contentment and happiness; it is all within your reach. Am 70 years old, haven't had a day's illness in 35 years. Send one dollar and get the secret. No inconvenience. No more cost. Address D. Rickart, Box 212, Oakdale, Calif.

MEN!—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., Box 175, B-W, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY RICH—FOR QUICK RESULTS, JOIN our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $50,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 610, Grayslake, Ill.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WIDOW, WORTH $80,000, DAUGHTER 18, with $30,000, will marry honorable gentlemen. Answer quick. R. R., Box 584, Los Angeles, Cal.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 11 YEARS. Large list wealthy members. Confidential; descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian Secrets and many other rare books. Catalog 2c. Star Novelty Co., E 201, Camden, N. J.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME maker;" hundreds rich, confidential; reliable, descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

WEALTHY, HEALTHY, HANDSOME, BUT lonely young widow, worth $800,000, wishes to marry honorable man. Write "Mary," Box 4, San Diego, California.

LET US TELL YOU FREE OF 24 NEW ways to make money. Eureka Co., 3333 State St., Chicago.

SECRETS, MAGIC, MYSTERY, MIND READing. Send only 20c for this $1 book. Send [illegible] D. Union Book Co., Palatine, Ill.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BIG PAPER WITH ALL names, addresses, descriptions, photos 25c. Wren, 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

GENT'S ARTICLE—SOMETHING NEW. Sample and catalog 4c. Rick Co., Dept. K, Logansport, Ind.

WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Rowell, Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Ledger

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

When in doubt tell the truth.

One way to get ahead is to raise cabbage.

Be loving and you will never want for love.

Only children play ball. Men make a business of it.

Many a man who was born great failed to die that way.

The man who has but one shirt is short on change.

Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fray.

The demand for good advice is not equal to the supply.

Every woman's plain duty is to be as handsome as she can.

If you would succeed in life, learn to know what you can't do.

Puzzle—Why is a fiddle like an inferior hotel? It's a vile inn!

Many a man has worked himself to death thru having nothing to do.

That gifted athlete, the cucumber, knocks a man out after he gets it down.

Age is venerable in man and it would be in woman were she ever to become old.

Success comes to those who make up their minds to do a thing and then do it.

When a clock is wound up it goes; but when a firm's business is wound up it stops.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported in the sky by its beams.

There are too many ladies and gentlemen in the world and not enough men and women.

When a pugilist gets into the divorce court it is for the purpose of having the match declared off.

The man who sits down and waits for fortune to come along and smile on him needs a soft cushion.

Many a man would be glad of an opportunity to pose as a retired captain of industry on half pay.

The average woman's ideal hero is a man who will eat a cold dinner on wash day without grumbling about it.

It is usually about three weeks after he has faced the parson that a young man begins to think seriously of marriage.

Ice cream and bonbons may be the food of love, but bread and potatoes occupy important positions on the matrimonial bill of fare.

After a bachelor passes the age of 40 it's up to him to marry a widow if he marries at all, for he needs a wife who knows how cranky men are.

War and Women

RED CROSS.

Out where the line of battle cleaves,
The horizon of woe,
And sightless warriors clutch the leaves,
The Red Cross nurses go.
In where the cots of agony
Mark death's unmeasured tide—
Bear up the battle's harvestry—
The Red Cross nurses glide.

Look! Where the hell of steel has torn
Its way thru slumbering earth,
The orphaned urchins kneel, forlorn,
And wonder at their birth
Until, above them, calm and wise,
With smile and guiding hand,
God looked thru their gentle eyes,
The Red Cross nurses stand.

Here, in our sheltered homes we sit,
Remote from war's red sweep,
Doing half-heartedly our bit,
Sleeping our painless sleep.
See where the Red Cross flag's unrolled
With red, and white, and blue;
Let us pour out our treasured gold
To guide the Red Cross true.
—Thomas L. Masson in Life.

A FAMOUS PRISONER.

One of the greatest and most unique women of the present time is Mrs. Annie Besant, of Adyar, East India. The world-war and the agitation for home rule for India have resulted in the virtual imprisonment of this Priestess of Compassion by the British government, hence the matter of who she is and what may have been the nature of her offense becomes of interest to all women.

Her offense is that for several years she has ardently advocated that England should extend to the people of India the same sort of self-government that Britain has permitted to Canada

Mrs. Annie Besant.

and Australia. Further, that now that England is hotly engaged in the present military struggle with the Germanic powers, and because a large element of the East India people are burning to strike for freedom from England, Mrs. Besant has been insistently urging Britain to give them home rule before revolt is inaugurated with its attendant horrors.

England's statesmen have given a half-hearted promise of a reconstructive policy in India, after the war is over. But the war may not come to an end for two or three years, and with India boiling with desire for greater freedom, and urged on by German intrigues, what may not happen? That is what makes the imprisonment of Mrs. Besant a matter of peculiar and vital interest. Besides, the fact that a woman, with no other weapons than her mind and love of humanity, should thus stand as an international influence and command the attention of the world is a striking example of the rising power of women.

Who is Mrs. Annie Besant, and what do her life and influence represent? In the first place, she is a most learned woman, one of the greatest thinkers along scientific and spiritual lines, that modern times has produced. That is obvious to any one who reads her lectures and studies her numerous books.

All her teaching has a mystical and spiritual cast, based on a deeper knowledge than have ordinary people of the meaning and processes of this life and what transpires after death. For Mrs. Annie Besant is a rational mystic and a member of the Great White Lodge of India, a brotherhood of spiritual adepts, whose powerful influence radiates thruout the mental world, always for good. This latter fact would seem unquestionably to be true, since their religion is based on utter unselfishness, purity and brotherhood, and money and official position and individual wealth are refused by them.

Besides having attained to this commanding position in the spiritual influence of India, Mrs. Besant is the president of the Theosophical Societies of the World, a position of great influence and honor. The teachings of this cult are remarkable and interesting. Their basic creed is the unity and sacredness of all life and the brotherhood of man; they teach reincarnation of the human soul, life after life, and its unfoldment thru evolution, experience and growth, until man's higher self becomes a conscious individual part of God Himself. How this is done, what its open and mystical processes are, would require a great deal of space to explain, even if the writer were competent to do so.

Here we are primarily interested in the fact that England has interned Mrs. Besant in the Theosophical headquarters at Adyar, and has forbidden her to speak to the people of India orally or thru the press. Gentle, spiritual, loving, as she is, the British government is afraid of her. That is the interesting thing.

Why is this? It is because of her tremendous influence with the people of India. And this power has grown entirely thru the employment of love and help and compassion. Twenty-odd years ago Mrs. Besant, who was spending her life in aiding the poor and suffering of London, became a convert to Theosophy thru Madame Blavatsky, and later went to India, because India was filled with famine and starvation by reason of British spoliation and misrule.

In India she began and has continued a wonderful work. She has established schools for girls all over India, and a Hindu college at Madras. In these schools there are over 5,000 students at present, with over 250 teachers. Mrs. Besant is at the head of a large concern in Madras for the publication of ethical books, and conducts three periodicals there; these are New India, a daily paper, the Commonweal, a weekly, and the Theosophist, a monthly magazine, the organ of the Theosophical Societies of the World.

Besides, she has written many ethical books and has lectured extensively in Europe and America. Hence, considering her gifts and her phenomenal mental energy, and the profound effect she has produced on the people of India, as well as on the balance of mankind, she must be accorded the position of being one of the world's greatest women.

And now her voice has been hushed by Britain's governmental power! From any angle that an investigation at this distance may view it, the action of England looks like tyranny, or, at the best, a very grave blunder. The writer has not been able to find a word in Mrs. Besant's books or periodicals counseling revolt by the East Indians. On the contrary, she has strongly advised them to remain loyal to England, while she has begged British statesmen to give India self-government, but always within the British Empire.

And India has been loyal to Britain. Thousands of India's sons have poured out their blood in defense of England on European battlefields. It would seem that, in all fairness and honor, England could not now fail to give the people of East India at least some measure of equality and freedom.

India is a very old and strangely interesting country; its population comprises nearly one-sixth of the human race; it was civilized and wealthy 3,000 years before Christ. All the nations of that ancient time rotted away and expired long ago thru greed and lust and materialism. But India remained, preserved by the temperance and spirituality of her people.

With the coming of the conquerors, the beautiful religion of India began to decline. Mrs. Besant, thru her schools and the Theosophical Society, has labored passionately for more than twenty years to keep India's people believing and living their own wonderful religion.

This was a strange thing for an Irish-English women to do, but India was prostrate and dying under the English rule of twenty years ago, and Mrs. Besant, eloquent, tender-hearted, compassionate, went out to save it. She sought to save it by saving its religion. She arrested its fall, and now old India bids fair to be renewed and regenerated.

If, mainly thru Mrs. Besant's genius and labor, India gains self-government within the Empire, then she must justly be acclaimed the greatest woman of modern times. If any one cares to know more about her, or to read her books, which the writer has found peculiarly interesting, the editor of the Ledger will be glad to furnish information as to how the books may be obtained.

THE BETTER HALF OF RUSSIA.

When I left Petrograd for Mohileff in an army train, a young soldier, who shared my compartment on his way to the front, leaned out of the window to say good-by to a young girl, says Richard Washburn Child in the Century Magazine. An old artillery officer explained to me in French that they were married, but both had been attending universities and both expected to be doctors.

The young Slav giant, with flaxen hair and clear skin, roared with laughter, tho somewhat nervously, and the girl, tall, well poised, rested her large hands on the window-sill and chatted with a smiling countenance. They were Spartans.

The train started. The girl ran behind a post, where he could not see her, but I could, and buried her face in her arms, shaking with emotion. The young blond giant turned to me, and with tears in the corner of his eyes gripped my knees and poured forth in a low, thick voice a flood of Russian words.

"Ah, he desires to communicate with you," the old artillery officer said in French—"he desires to communicate to you that it is not difficult to say good-by to an ordinary pretty woman to whom one is married and whom he loves, but that it is much more difficult if she is also one's best friend."

Perhaps there is in this a deserved tribute to the best of the better half of Russia.

OUTDOOR WORK.

Many women will do work of one sort or another in the open air this year of the war. They will go to farm and garden, they will be messengers, and possibly mail carriers in country districts.

It will do the average girl much good to be out in all sorts of weather, using her muscles and her lungs to their full capacity. She who works on a farm and she who raises vegetables in a small back garden will get much more out of life. She will build a sound and athletic body, a feeling of independence and of self-reliance the value of which can hardly be over estimated. She will be "dead tired," perhaps, at the beginning, but it won't be from nervousness. It will bring sound sleep and good circulation.

The sense of responsibility that these months of anxious struggle will awaken in the nation will be especially marked in young women who have been employed under the supervision of men. Most women work in shops and factories and offices. Many must now depend on themselves; they will have to work on their own responsibility.

This development of mind and body will have surprising consequences. Those who learn the joy and independence of outdoor jobs will not easily return to the office stool or the cashier's desk. Many an outdoor girl will remain an outdoor girl and nothing better for the race could well be imagined

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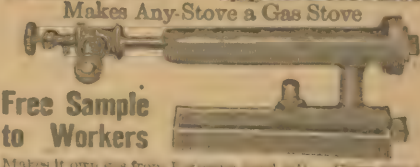

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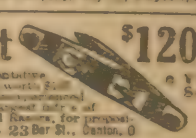

BIG MAIL FREE!

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

King's Mountain Boys

Or, Under Liberty's Banner

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAMP ON THE MOUNTAIN.

LEAVING the brave little army of patriots for a spell, let us move forward thru the autumnal forests to the encampment of their foes.

Colonel Ferguson had been a soldier from early boyhood. He had served in Germany and understood how to command an army. He had already seen service against the Colonies, and it was his improved weapons that had helped to rout Washington at the battle of Brandywine. He was the inventor of a firearm which could deliver seven shots in rapid succession, and this had gained for him much fame. A part of his present force was armed with these death-dealing rifles, and with them he hoped to defeat all the resolute mountaineers who could be brought against him. With nearly fifteen hundred men at his back, he felt himself secure when he took post on King's Mountain and awaited his hunters.

This mountain, now so celebrated in history, is one of the spurs of the Alleghenies, and rises precipitously above the neighboring hills on the borders of the two Carolinas. It is divided by a deep valley and broken ravines. A narrow ridge of irregular rock forms its summit, from which thick woods fall steeply to the base. Ferguson had pitched his camp on the top, and thence looked down with defiant contempt upon the undisciplined band which was about to make the attempt to hurl him from his strong position.

He had chosen an excellent place for defense. Nature seemed to have come to his rescue, and he had a right to sneer at the nine hundred men who were trailing after him.

In the last message which he had sent to Cornwallis, he had said boastingly that all the powers in America could not dislodge him, but in his haughty, eagle-like pride he did not know the fighting qualities of those who had determined to be free.

It was night in the British camp, and Ferguson stood on a large rock from which he could see the watchfires of his forces. As his eye glance down the fire-lit lines his heart swelled with the thought of coming victory, and he looked the satisfied soldier that he was.

He was presently approached by an officer whose coming he did not seem to welcome.

"What is it now, Colonel De Puyster?" asked Ferguson. "Have you come to tell me that we are not in a strong position, and that the Rebels are going to route us with their cracking guns?"

Colonel De Puyster bit his lip and frowned.

"I have made my suggestions," he answered, with some spirit. "You command this army, sir, but I have come to say that my men have just captured a roving countryman who seems to be burdened with information."

"Where is he?" asked Ferguson.

"I can have him here in a moment."

"I'll quiz the fellow, but, truth to tell, Colonel, he may have permitted himself to be captured for a purpose."

Colonel De Puyster withdrew, and soon returned, accompanied by two guards who were keeping watch on a tall native who slouched between them with his gaze fixed on the ground.

"So this is the man?" asked Ferguson, as he surveyed the prisoner from head to foot. "A pretty specimen of humanity, I should say."

Then he looked severely at the guarded one and spoke again:

"What is your name, sir?"

"I am Omar Pranks."

"Rebel or Loyalist?"

"I haven't been taking any part in this war," answered the man. "I don't like war at all, sir."

"I should judge not, from your appearance!" exclaimed Ferguson. "What do you know about the Rebels who have been arming against me?"

"I know nothing about anybody."

Ferguson smiled and turned derisively upon Colonel De Puyster.

"Is this the knowledge box you spoke of, Colonel?" he said, waving his hand at the countryman. "If he is such I don't believe you could pry him open with a crowbar."

Master Pranks looked very innocent.

"So you don't know anything about my enemies?" demanded Ferguson, once more transfixing his man with his gaze.

The prisoner shook his head.

"Where did you get this mountain sloth?" and Ferguson smiled, as he addressed De Puyster.

"My scouts caught him some miles down in the valley."

"And a pretty waste of time it was."

"I think his tongue can be loosened if we were to apply the usual test."

"Take him away!" exclaimed Ferguson, "but hold! Let him remain with me."

In another moment Colonel Ferguson and Omar Pranks were alone on the mountaintop.

"Now, my good fellow," continued the British officer, holding out his hand, "let me have the message."

A faint smile illumined the countryman's sallow face, and he produced a bit of paper from the innermost recesses of his garments. Ferguson unfolded it and read its contents in the light of the candle in his tent.

"I thank you," said he, coming out and looking at the silent man. "You are one of the few who have outwitted the Rebels and reached me safely from Lord Cornwallis."

"I had a hard time avoiding the enemy," grinned Omar Pranks. "I had to make many a detour to get rid of them."

"Did you come by the Rebel force?"

"Yes."

"Are they really going to fight?"

"It looks that way, Colonel Ferguson."

"How many men have they?"

"I cannot say, but they have many."

"How are the rascals armed?"

"They carry their own slender rifles."

"Are all mounted?"

"Each man rides his own horse."

"Who leads this mountain rabble?"

"I do not know. I believe, as yet, they have no regular commander. I was told that Colonel Shelby and old Sevier are with them."

A frown passed over Ferguson's countenance.

"Those men will fight," he said, scarcely above a whisper, and for a minute he was silent.

"I have at this time no message to send back to the Earl," he resumed suddenly. "When I report it will be in person and flushed with victory."

Omar Pranks did not speak.

"I cannot obey the Earl's suggestions. I have posted my men here, and on this mountain I will have it out with the enemy. That is all, sir."

The messenger withdrew and went slowly down the ridge. Colonel Ferguson passed into his tent and sat down at a camp table, over which fell the flickering light of his candle.

"What," said he to himself, "if I have underestimated the power of my foes? What if these audacious Rebels should drive me from the mountain? It would mean my disgrace. I'd break my sword and throw it at the feet of the King. He has trusted Patrick Ferguson, and to fail him now means death to me!"

The next second he was on his feet, and his face shone pale in the candlelight.

At last it seemed, despite his boasts, that he feared the foe that was creeping, panther-like, thru the shaded forests of the Broad. He had seen his Tory volunteers fight, and he knew that the Whigs were of the same blood. To leave his position and try to join Cornwallis was not to be thought of now. He recalled the fate of Braddock, who had been caught in the forests of the Monongahela and defeated. Perhaps he remembered that the troops who saved that ill-fated army from destruction were Virginians, led by a young officer named George Washington, men of the backwoods, and now he was being hunted by some of these very borderers, who in the intervening years had lost none of their cunning.

He left his tent and walked thru the encampment. Passing to the very outskirts, he left the bivouac fires behind, and soon found himself in the open forest with the night-clothed valley far beneath him.

"It is too late," he murmured, in rather doleful tones. "I must fight where I am."

"Is that you, my Colonel?" suddenly said a voice at sound of which Ferguson started.

A small figure which he had not perceived seemed to rise from the ground at his feet.

"What are you doing here, Percy?" exclaimed Colonel Ferguson, as he gazed at the youth, for youth the other one was.

"I have come hither to think of home."

"Of the home which you left to follow Patrick Ferguson's fortunes?" and the arm of the King's soldier went gently about the drummer boy. "We are far from dear old England, Percy, but let us hope that ere long we shall once more see her shores."

The boy looked up into Ferguson's face, but did not reply.

"We may meet the enemy tomorrow," continued the soldier. "You will soon beat for victory, my boy."

"I trust I shall," was the answer. "But this is a wild country, and the mountaineers have mustered all their forces."

Colonel Ferguson drew his little companion to a rock and seated himself beside him. The rich starlight fell softly upon their faces.

"It was I who led you from home, boy," Ferguson went on. "I did not think the war would last so long, nor be so ferocious. I thought to give you some adventures in the Colonies, and if any harm should come to you I shall ever blame myself."

"Let me take the blame, Colonel," whispered the boy. "I longed to see this country, and I have seen it."

"Percy," said Ferguson, "I am a soldier, and soldiers, you know, should have no fear."

"Have you any fears, Colonel?"

The soldier's gaze wandered from the youth and seemed to settle far down the dim valley.

"One cannot foresee all the dangers of war," he returned. "I would not be a man if I had no fear."

The little drummer nestled closer to Ferguson, and for a few moments silence fell between them.

"Percy, if I should fall in the coming battle——"

"But you are not going to leave me?" broke in the youth.

"I hope not, Percy. But I was going to say that if I should fall, you will tell them in old England how Patrick Ferguson died."

"I will tell them how bravely my Colonel fell in the service of the King."

"Yes, that is it, Percy!" cried Ferguson. "When my sword is laid at the feet of my royal master the stain of cowardice will not tarnish it."

Percy disengaged himself from Ferguson's embrace and stepped back.

"You will hear my drum in the heat of the battle," he cried proudly. "I shall never beat the 'retreat.'"

"That is it, boy," was the rejoinder. "You have never yet beaten the 'retreat' in my presence."

Man and boy lingered a few moments longer by the mossy rock, and then went slowly back to the camp.

Percy Grahame was a proud, bright boy, with a wealth of golden hair which nestled on his shapely shoulders, and he had left one of the fairest homes in faraway England to follow the banner of Patrick Ferguson thru scenes of blood and peril.

When he separated from Ferguson he held out his hand, and the haughty servant of the King carried it to his lips and kissed it.

"For your mother, Percy," he said, as he released the hand, and then he turned and quickly strode away.

This last scene was witnessed by a man whose body was in shadow, and who, when Ferguson had passed out of sight, said to himself:

"There's some gentility in the King's soldier. I would not have thought it. But wait, Colonel Ferguson; tho you despise the Rebels, they will lead you a merry dance on this mountain. I'll go and tell Sevier and Shelby that they will find their quarry here, and then for the fray!"

The spy—for spy he was—glided thru the darkest portions of the British camp till he found a tethered horse among the shrubbery of the valley, and in a few moments he was riding like the wind over the trail toward the patriot army.

In the morning the boy came forth from a tent, and presently the rataplan of his drum awoke the echoes of hill and dale, and his young face flushed proudly as his nimble fingers handled the polished sticks.

Colonel Ferguson came from his tent to listen, but his face was sad, as tho he had passed a sleepless night, and he did not move till the last sound of the drum had died away among the lofty trees.

"Percy!" he suddenly called and the boy bounded toward him.

"Remember!" said he, as his hand fell like a snowflake upon the little drummer's shoulder. "It is never to be 'retreat' while you serve under me."

"I feel it, my Colonel," returned the boy, looking up into the soldier's eyes. "We beat victory for old England."

"That is it! That is it, my boy!"

The deep blue eyes sparkled, and Percy smiled with a heart full of youthful joy.

Presently a man rode to where the couple stood and saluted Ferguson.

"I have news that the Rebels are on the way!" he exclaimed.

"You have seen them?"

"No, but my daughter has ridden in advance of their force, and she can tell you all."

"Where is the girl, then?"

The man turned in his saddle and waved his hand. From the center of the camp a horse approached, and a young girl drew rein before the King's officer.

"This is Mistress Damson," said the man, looking at the lass. "She is my only child, but her heart is right, Colonel."

Ferguson turned, and for a moment centered his gaze upon the girl on the mountain horse.

"Where are the enemy?" he asked

"I saw them last at the big ford," she answered. "They were riding thru a rainstorm, and had muffled their gun-locks with their blankets."

"They are headed this way, lass?"

"Yes. There are many hundreds of them. They have put sprigs of hemlocks in their hats, and all are mounted on mountain horses. It is a great army, Colonel Ferguson."

"I thank you," said Ferguson. "Now you can go back and keep out of danger."

The eyes of the young girl had suddenly singled out the listening youth, and she smiled him a self-introduction. The natty uniform of Percy seemed to catch her eye, and she looked him over from head to foot with girlish curiosity.

"This is Master Grahame," said Ferguson, seeing her looks. "He is my young friend, and he plays for me and my soldiers."

"I should like to hear him," said the girl.

Pleased by her look and voice, Percy caught eagerly at his drumsticks, and

Illinois Women Add Their Testimony

Mrs. Anna Smith, residing at 400 Jefferson St., Ottawa, Ill., says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. At one time when rather run-down I took two bottles. I found it just as represented—a first-class tonic and nervine. I have always heard it well spoken of and praised by all women who have used it."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been a favorite with women for nearly fifty years because it contains no alcohol or any narcotic. It is put up in both liquid and tablets and is to be found in any drug store. If you will send Dr. Pierce 10 cents in stamps or silver, he will send you a trial package of Favorite Prescription Tablets.

Mrs. Lou Jones, residing at 3200 N. Adams St., Peoria, Ill., says: "For a whole year I was down in bed and under the doctor's care. I weighed 90 pounds when I should have weighed 130 or more. Nothing seemed to get me up or give me strength until I learned of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. A neighbor dropped in and told me what 'Favorite Prescription' had done for his wife, so I stopped the doctor's medicine. After using the 'Prescription' I gained very fast. The second bottle completely restored my strength, and my trouble has never come back. Since I used 'Favorite Prescription' I have weighed at times over 150 pounds. It gives more strength than any other remedy."

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her eyes glittered while he played a merry tune.

"I hope the mountain men won't hurt the boy," she cried, turning to Colonel Ferguson, as the music ended. "I could listen to Master Grahame's drum all day," and with this she bestowed another smile upon the happy little redcoat, never dreaming what the coming hours were to bring forth.

CHAPTER XVIII.
KING'S MOUNTAIN.

LOOK, Allan! Yonder is the lair of the British lion." As he spoke, Ethan Byrd raised his hand and directed Allan Weston's attention to the wooded ridge which seemed to have risen suddenly before them.

"If Colonel Ferguson has not decamped, we shall meet him there," was the reply.

"He will fight yonder," Ethan resumed. "We shall soon hear the notes of his famous silver whistle, with which he rallies his troops."

The game was almost in the hunters' sight. For miles the little army of bordermen had traversed the mountain trails, and now all who looked forward believed that they were approaching their battleground. The fringed and tasseled hunting shirts they wore caught the sunlight. Bead-worked belts girded these shirts; they had stained the trappings of their horses red and yellow. Their heads were adorned with caps of skins with coontails, and those who wore hats had placed in them a sprig of evergreen or a flashy bucktail. Each man carried three weapons, a small-bore rifle, a tomahawk and a scalping-knife. Thus attired they presented an odd appearance, not at all like a regular army, but for all this they were dangerous men.

Colonel Campbell had been chosen commander of the entire force, and was to lead the center in the attack on Ferguson. As the reader already knows, the liberty boys were to fight under Campbell's eye, and they were proud of this distinction. Campbell was a Virginian and an old Indian fighter, and a better man could not have been chosen to lead the mountain men against the enemy.

Red Fox and Tommy Lutz rode with Ethan and his companions, and were as eager as any one to encounter the posted foe. The horses, after the long ride, were still fresh, for several halts had been made to keep them in proper trim, and now their riders urged them on, with the mountain looming up before them.

Quite near the boys rode old Jason, his eagle eye noting everything, and more than once Ethan saw a grim smile overspread his face. The old scout was never happier than when he had a Tory or a British soldier in sight, and the boys knew that he would do his whole duty.

All at once Jason rode to Ethan's side and leaned toward him.

"They're there, lad!" he said, as his eyes glowed with eagerness. "I think I can see a flag on the mountaintop."

"You are right, Jason. The flag of the King is kissing the breezes. Pray Heaven it may fall before night."

"It shall!" rejoined the old man. "We are going to surround Colonel Ferguson and beat him well."

As the trees on the mountain grew more distinct bodies of men were distinguished, and the bordereres looked for the last time to the priming of their rifles.

"We're going to fight on foot," Jason continued, after a brief silence. "The horses will be tied at the base of the ridge, an' we shall meet 'em man to man afoot."

"Anything suits me, Jason," answered Ethan, with a smile. "What do you think of Tommy now?"

The scout stole a glance at Master Lutz, and then turned again to Ethan.

"Methinks he would fight better if Davy Meccam had left a few scars on him," he observed. "But I'm not desertin' Tommy, lad. He'll give a good account of himself in the comin' tussle."

Master Lutz, who had heard none of these remarks, was riding on with his gaze centered on the British position. Ethan looked admiringly at the youth.

"When we get in the fight, Ethan," Jason said, "keep your eye open for Captain Rough."

"That I shall! You remember I spared him at the cabin for a moment like this?"

"Which is more than Jason would have done."

"I know. But what is the excitement yonder?"

The head of the right column had halted, and Colonel Cleaveland was standing on the back of his horse, with his face turned to those near him. In another moment those who listened heard his loud voice, as he addressed his men.

"Yonder is the foe!" he cried, pointing toward the grimy mountain. "If there is a man who wants to turn back, now is his time. In a few minutes we will be at it in earnest. It will be a hot fight, for Colonel Ferguson is no coward. There will be mournful homes in the mountains tomorrow. I shall not think hard of the man who turns back. But, men, this is a blow for liberty in North America. If we die yonder we shall not be forgotten. Who wants to turn back?"

A cheer that made the welkin ring greeted Colonel Cleaveland, and hundreds of hands were uplifted.

"Forward, then! For liberty and home"!

The horses were now urged on faster than ever, and soon the base of the mountain was reached.

During this time Colonel Ferguson, perched on an outcropping rock, was looking down at the little army which was pushing forward. He had not seen the borderers till they were almost upon him, and his wonder was aroused when he noticed them riding forward in an almost endless column.

Ethan and his band dismounted and tied their horses to the slender trees at the foot of the height. The eight youngsters were as eager for the fray as the old frontiersmen. Colonel Campbell, as he cast his eye over the little squad, was seen to smile his praise, and, catching Ethan's glance, he waved his hand gracefully.

It was expected that the brunt of the battle would fall upon the center. Colonel Sevier was to fight on the right, and the other divisions had been assigned to good fighting places. It had been determined to surround the enemy as well as possible, and hem him in, giving him no chance to escape should the tactics of the mountaineers prove successful.

"Forward!" rang out the clear voice of Campbell. "Let every patriot do his duty!"

The little line moved on with the steadiness of veterans of a hundred battles. The liberty boys were well to the front, their teeth firm set and eager hands grasping their weapons. Ethan had Allen on his right, while at his left hand marched Tommy Lutz, his eyes afire and his bosom heaving with illy suppressed passion.

Suddenly there burst into their faces from the top of the mountain a line of fire that staggered the little column of heroes. The shots of the enemy whistled among the trees, and clipped branches which fell beside the mountaineers.

Up the slope the column passed, heedless of the storm of British lead. Now it paused a moment to return the enemy's fire, and then the patriots fell behind the trees to reload.

All at once a line of redcoats swept down the mountain upon Campbell's men.

"Steady, boys!" cried Ethan. "Here come the foe!"

The command was unnecessary, for all were standing firm, and as the charging ranks rushed down the hill, they were met by a withering fire which checked them for an instant. It was more than the center of the little army could stand, and it sullenly recoiled, to form again and rush back at the foe, Ethan and his comrades in the van. Up the mountain went the enemy, despite the shrill calls of Ferguson's silver whistle and amid the cheers of their pursuers.

Tommy Lutz, tripping on a root, went headlong to the ground, but as Paul rushed to his side, he scrambled to his feet, and, throwing off his coonskin cap, uttered a short defiance and pressed forward once more.

"It's Tommy's first real fight for liberty," Ethan said to Allan, as the ungainly lad, stopping suddenly, fired up the slope.

"And he is acquitting himself, nobly, Ethan. He'll win a commission before the war is over."

No sooner had the enemy gained the top of the mountain than Sevier's cheers were heard on the other side, and his men threw themselves upon Ferguson from an unexpected quarter. The battle was now at its height.

Every now and then rang out the whistle of the heroic Ferguson, and whenever it sounded his men threw themselves forward in a charge, their bayonets glistening in the light, and their scarlet uniforms splendid targets for the mountaineers.

Down the hill now rushed the Tory part of Ferguson's army. They had thrust their long knives into the muzzles of their guns, and with these fearsome weapons they dashed straight at Ethan and his companions. The two parties met hand to hand on the crimsoned slope.

The boys darted out from behind the trees, and poured a volley at point-blank range into the face of the enemy. Then, clubbing their rifles, they struck right and left with all their might at their command.

This thrilling story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Hypothetical.

The tall, sad-looking man refused the cigar the tobacconist offered him and leaned his head on his hands despairingly. "What would you do," he asked, "if your neighbor had a cat and the cat persisted in staying on your premises day and night, and lying on your beds and running between your legs when you were carrying things that were heavy and hard to balance, and pouring forth her pessimistic views on life and her complaints when you were not feeling pessimistic, and you notified your neighbor that you didn't want a cat at your house, and your neighbor said laughingly that it looked as if you would have to have one anyway, and if the cat ate your pet canary and you told your neighbor and she said she would pay for the bird if it really was Dick (name of the cat) that did it, but that she didn't believe it was Dick, as he never ate birds and didn't like them raw, and that she couldn't believe it was Richard (another name of the cat) but that she would much rather pay the money anyway than have you feel angry at Rickey Dick (another pet name for cat) because she thought as much of Ickybus (name of cat) as you did of your children, and would feel just as bad if any one kicked, poisoned or fastened a splinter on Wickums (name of cat) as you would if any one kicked poisoned or otherwise abused one of your children?"

"Well, now let me see," pondered the tobacconist. "It's true that you can't abuse the creature, or get damages, because the neighbor would never forgive you in the first instance, or believe you in the second, even tho you caught her cat with the bird in its mouth. She would think that it was just prejudice because she raised Wickey, or whatever you call him——"

"That's not what I call him, but go ahead."

"And she knows he would do no evil. So if you can't kick him out and the neighbor will not call him off, blessed if I know what you can do unless you move."

"Good idea!" chortled the tall, sad man. "That's the only way I can get away from the cat. But are you sure it wouldn't offend the neighbor in any way, and that she would have no objections to my moving? What if she said that she couldn't stand it to have us move, that Old Scratch was so used to having us there that we'd have to stay?"

"If she says that," advised the tobacconist, "you have the choice of two things. Either you can hold out the prospect of your successor's having toothsome canaries that should appeal to King Richard, or you can get out an injunction against her and have her show cause why you should stick around and be catted to death."

Then the tall, sad man, seeing that he had obtained sound legal advice without cost, immediately paid down a fur-covered dime in exchange for a cigar.

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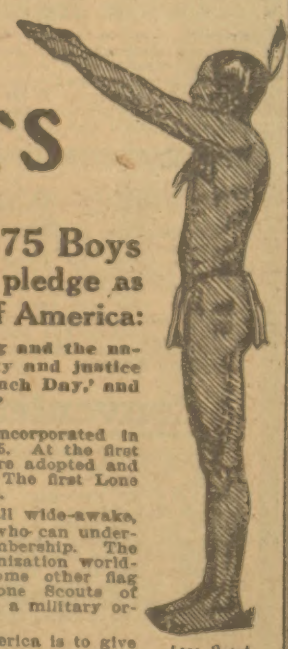
207,375 LONE SCOUTS



Lone Scout Indian

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

In 92 Weeks 207,375 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP N

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name..... Age.....

Town..... State.....

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D.....

The Option.

In the early days of California a thief with his knife slit a hole in a neighboring tent at the head of a bunk, thrust in his arm and extracted a bag of golddust. He was caught with the goods, indicted for burglary and convicted. His counsel moved for an arrest of judgment and a new trial on the ground that he was not guilty of burglary, for he had not "broken into and entered" the premises, as charged in the indictment. The court refused to grant a new trial, but said that in passing sentence he would take the peculiar circumstances into consideration. He did so. He sentenced the arm that entered the tent to ten years' imprisonment, but accorded to the defendant the option of accompanying it there or cutting it off, just as he should choose.

Wanted a Policy.

An insurance man tells this one:

"Not long ago there rushed into one of our offices in the South a very excited woman; so excited, in fact, that she was out of breath and could speak with difficulty.

"'What's the trouble?' asked one of the clerks.

"'I want a policy at once—at once!' exclaimed the woman, when she had recovered sufficiently to articulate. 'Our house is on fire!'"

Kawnear Indoor Toilet

Guaranteed Sanitary and Odorless

Installed in Any Room, Closet, Stairway or Cellar Without Expense.

No Sewer, No Water, No Smell, No Trouble

On FREE TRIAL **No Money Down No Deposit!**

ECONOMICAL, Modern. Protects health, Saves money, Saves time and Work. The Kawnear Chemical Toilet is the original and thoroughly proven satisfactory Indoor Toilet. No more outside back yard inconveniences. No cesspool or plumbing. Destroys all disease germs. Prevents exposure, filth and bad odors of outhouse. Costs less than one cent a week per person. No trouble to install.

Insures Health, Refinement, Privacy

The environment in which we live has its effect whether for good or bad. Now that the Kawnear Chemical Indoor Toilet has been invented to replace the old outhouse, it is sure to be installed by those who abhor the publicity, discomfort and stench of the present outhouses. Women are embarrassed to parade before the world and hate to advertise their goings and comings, all because they have no indoor toilet. Thinking people know that an outdoor toilet hinders the teachings of culture and refinement—especially with growing girls and boys.

Can Be Installed

anywhere—in a cellar, in a closet, under a stairway, in a room, or even in the bedroom with a curtain around it. It is guaranteed absolutely odorless and sanitary. It is no trouble to put up. If you can set up a stove, you can install the Kawnear.

For Young—Old—Sick

Grandmother, grandfather, old and feeble, need this. Many a sick person is made worse by going to outside closet; old people fall or take cold. Save the annoyance of caring for chambers and give them the comfort of a toilet in a warm room. Think what it means to the MOTHER with small children and the saving in steps and sleep for her.

Convenience

The Kawnear saves you from work, worry and exposure; no need to bundle up in cold, rainy, stormy weather; no necessity to dress to answer Nature's call at night. Mother won't have to make the disagreeable trips several times each day with the little ones. She won't need to empty chambers for those too weak, indolent, or sick to stand exposure to the cold caused by the trips to the old-fashioned, out of date, unsanitary outhouse.

Renters

If you rent you can still have the comfort of a Kawnear Toilet for your loved ones, as the installing of this toilet does not injure the house and you can take your toilet with you when you move, the same as you do your sewing machine.

Kansas State BOARD OF HEALTH Indorses The Kawnear Toilet

Acting upon the request of one of the big public service corporations who wanted to install Sanitary Toilets, the Secretary of the Board of health made an exhaustive test of the KAWNEAR Toilet and our D. D. Chemical. Under adverse conditions, with PUBLIC USE it was demonstrated that the KAWNEAR is **Sanitary and Odorless** and that it kills disease germs.

STATE OF KANSAS
DEPARTMENT OF THE
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secretary, Director of Division of Public Health Education.

KAWNEAR CABINET CO
Kansas City, Mo.

I am enclosing copy of letter received from Prof. C. C. Young, detailing the result of investigation of the chemical action of the Kawnear Cabinet. It would seem that the use of the Kawnear Cabinet as directed was highly efficient in that it destroys all disease bearing organisms.

I would highly recommend the use of this cabinet with the dosage of chemicals directed, for public schools, in the home and other places where the sanitary disposal of human waste is so important.

Ordinarily we refuse to give testimonials that can be used in a commercial way, but the improvement in the disposal of human waste is so tremendously important that we are willing to waive our usual custom and caution and give you this letter.

The most dangerous single place on the farm or in the small town which is a menace to the life and health of individuals is the open, insanitary toilet.

This department welcomes and desires to encourage from the standpoint of health the use of the chemical toilet. They not only safe-guard the health and the life of the people using them, but from the standpoint of cleanliness, convenience and comfort are well worth the small cost.

S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secy.

TEST Made in Kansas University Proves Value of Our Claims

Prof. C. C. Young in Kansas University made a thorough test of the KAWNEAR Toilet with a number of students (public use) using the toilet. Read what he says:

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—On the attached pages are tabulated results of the experimental test done in the laboratory with the Kawnear Toilet.

At the request of Doctor Crumbine, Secretary of the State Board of Health we started a test on the Kawnear Cabinet. The equipment was set up in the public toilet room of Snow Hall, University of Kansas, October 1st, and it was examined several times daily and tests made.

We succeeded in getting a satisfactory elimination of bacteria with the dosage as directed and we conclude from our investigation, that the Kawnear Cabinet is entirely satisfactory for domestic or public use and that if operated according to directions will eliminate nuisance and prevent the carrying of disease by flies and render human excrement innocuous.

At no time has it given any odor and we consider the efficiency very satisfactory and can most certainly recommend it for unsewered residences or communities and highly efficient in killing out the fecal bacteria.

C. C. YOUNG, Director of Laboratory.

Health Boards, Schools, Doctors, Banks, Users, All Indorse The KAWNEAR

HOYT STATE BANK.
In answer to yours of the 3d in regard to our Chemical Closet, I will say that we like it very well. It is odorless and we empty it only once a month.
Very truly yours,
J. R. BURNS, Asst. Cashier,
Hoyt, Kan.

BOARD OF HEALTH, S. DAKOTA.
This is to certify that I am using one cabinet type Sanitary Closet in my residence. It is odorless and perfectly sanitary; in fact, all that the people claim for it. As a Sanitary Officer, it appears to me the ideal toilet for school houses as well as residences.
(Signed) W. S. VERCOE,
Superintendent State Board of Health, South Dakota.

PRES. BOARD OF EDUCATION.
In answer to your inquiry about the "Sanitary Closets" will say, we installed three of them last year on trial, and found them perfectly satisfactory, and this year we installed a number more of them.
We have a sewer system, and two of our school buildings are connected with it. In our High School building we have a fine flush system installed, but that room is no freer from odor than is the room where the Sanitary Closets are installed.
We have one building that is too far away from the sewer to be connected without a great deal of expense, so we put in these Sanitary Closets, and we find that the expense of running them is less than the water costs for the flush system, which we have connected to the sewer.
I believe you will make no mistake in putting them in.
AMOS LEUTY, M. D.,
President Board of Education,
Morris, Minnesota.

Costs Only 1c A Week

Per Person to Operate.

Description of Kawnear Indoor Toilet No. 35.

The lid is of solid wood—not veneered—glued in sections to prevent warping. Three-way hinges of polished brass and neat design allow the cover to swing smoothly and noiselessly. When raised, the lid rests against a pyramid bumper and holds the seat in an upright position.

The seat is especially well constructed for beauty, strength and utility, scientifically shaped to give the greatest comfort.

The front panel is five-ply, built up and veneered with one sheet (no joints) of veneer. Side panels are three-ply veneered to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

A removable metal shield, with an opening corresponding with the opening in the seat, covers the entire top of the cabinet, so that when the cover and seat are raised the cabinet is immediately converted into a men's urinal.

Inside the cabinet is a 10¾ gallon container made of galvanized steel—about the thickness of the steel used in shovels—enameled inside and should last a lifetime.

DIMENSIONS:—Height, 18 inches (same as your chairs); width, 20 inches; length, front to back, 26 inches; ventilating pipe, 4 inches in diameter.

KawnearChemical

Does Deodorize, Disinfect and Kill Disease Germs.

We furnish with each toilet one gallon of the famous Kawnear D. D. Chemicals, which will last the average family from four to six months. We manufacture and guarantee D. D. Chemicals and sell to our toilet users at the cost to handle, which is $1.50 a gallon. The Kawnear does not need daily attention—only once in two weeks it takes 10 minutes to empty and recharge.

Positive Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that the Kawnear Toilet is odorless and sanitary and that our D. D. Chemical does everything we claim for it, and more. We know it is O. K. Try it in your own home. If it doesn't please you, if you aren't satisfied, send it back. You are to be the judge. Two of the biggest banks in Kansas City say we are all right and make good every promise.

Free Trial Information Coupon

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.,
1616 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me without obligation, complete information regarding the famous Kawnear Toilet and your Free Trial Offer.

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. or Box _____

City _____ State _____

Please Write Very Plain.

Sent To You On 10 Days Free Trial

Kawnear Cabinet Co. 1616 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Cherry, rose, brick red or geranium mingled with gray are favored combinations of gray and red.

Very often an evening dress of transparent material will have a bodice contrasting in color with the skirt.

When Dame Fashion tires of elaborate trimmings and has exhausted all her artifices, we invariably find ourselves buttoned up the back or with rows of buttons here and there, and not another bit of trimming—demure to the last degree and very smart. This seems periodically to be our fate.

The gingham fanatic wins. From age 2 to age 82 we are doomed to this fabric. Sometimes it occurs in a sports blouse, sometimes in a skirt, sometimes in a frock. And they are even trimming these gingham frocks with serge! The blouses go with plain colored wash skirts or even with those of serge. And when a whole frock is worn there is generally some gay colored sweater or top coat to sauce the gingham dish.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Soapstone sinks easily collect grease along the sides and back; a rub with a small piece of sandpaper keeps the sink smooth and clean.

Rub butter on tea or coffee stains, afterward washing the garment in ordinary hot soapsuds. This will remove fruit stains also; in fact, almost any stain except ink can be eliminated in this way.

When frying bacon place a piece of clean brown paper in the platter, and the paper will absorb the outside grease as the bacon is placed upon it. When ready to serve the bacon may be slipped off and appears much drier and more tempting.

If you wish to keep the shape of your sweater after washing, try the following method: Wash the sweater carefully with some good white soap. Rinse well and add a little bluing to the last water if the sweater is white. Then place in a pillow case and hang on the line. When nearly dry, put it on the clothes hanger in the sunshine.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Any one who desires to make a serviceable as well as a dainty nightgown should not forget the effectiveness of tiny tucks. One model on which this suggestion was carried out was made with a square neck, and was open down the front for a short space; but this opening is really not necessary if one provides a sufficiently large neck. The upper front of the gown was decorated with groups of three tiny tucks arranged to form squares. In each square a daisy was embroidered in white.

The girl who is not necessarily stout, but who delights in the low-cut or girdle-top corsets will find the following hint a saving on brassieres: She can sew into the top of her corset a piece of stout linen lace—torchon or imitation cluny will answer. It should be darted as closely as possible and a casing allowed for tape or ribbon at the top if the lace is not open enough of itself. When this addition to the corset is drawn up tightly it acts as a bust support and insures against the showing of the corset line, so ugly under thin blouses and frocks.

HEALTH NOTES.

Fruits as mild laxatives and tonics, recommended by physicians or well-known specifics for blood purification, should be included in the beauty regimen.

Exercise is a splendid skin tonic. A brisk walk, no matter if in the rain, will freshen the complexion, even as it freshens the flowers, and a simple aperient will do wonders for a muddy skin.

A throbbing, pulsating head will often be relieved on the application of a cold compress. A hot bath, too, will aid, as it draws the blood away from the head. If neither of the above remedies avail, try applying hot and cold cloths, alternately, to the back of the neck.

When the scalp is hard and tight and the hair brittle and lusterless, one of the most valuable aids in restoring the healthy tone of the scalp is made by blending carefully beef marrow with a tablespoonful of good olive oil. This tonic will not be found any more greasy or objectionable than any similar preparation containing oils or grease. Small partings of the hair should be made all over the scalp, then anoint the finger tips and apply directly to the scalp, rubbing it in thoroly.

RECIPES.

CHERRY TAPIOCA—Soak three-quarters of a pound of tapioca in cold water for one hour. Then boil it in the water in which it was soaked till it is clear, adding a little more boiling water if too thick. Stone half a pound of cooking cherries, add to the tapioca and simmer for five minutes. Pour into a damp mold and leave to set. Serve with cold custard.

DELICIOUS SALAD—Drain juice off one quart can pineapple, cut same in small cubes and also cut one pound of marshmallows. Mix and let stand about two hours before combining with the following salad dressing. Put in double boiler three tablespoons vinegar, half teaspoon sugar, half teaspoon salt, dash red pepper. When heated thru, stir in yolks of three eggs just broken, then stir same until it is cooked (about one minute). Let cool and beat into this half-pint whipped cream.

TO PRESERVE VEGETABLES.

The fermentation method widely used abroad in preserving string beans, beets, cabbage, cucumbers and other succulent garden crops, is described in a notice issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sauerkraut and pickles put up in this way are fairly well known in this country, but comparatively few persons have thought of trying it as a household measure for preserving these and other vegtables. Those who like acid foods and who have too few canning containers to hold their surplus products may find this method useful. The following description of this method of fermenting vegetables is prepared by one of the bacteriologists in the Bureau of Chemistry who has been experimenting with this process:

The vegetables are not cooked, but are put down in a salt brine in any non-metallic water-tight container, and are sealed up with paraffin and are otherwise made airtight. Under this treatment lactic acid will develop, and this acid, the value of which as a food has been recognized, acts as a preservative. Whether Americans will develop a taste for such fermented foods highly prized in Europe, is open to question, but the investigator believes that many will find the process well worth trying.

TO PRESERVE CUCUMBERS—Wash the fruit if necessary and pack into a clean, water-tight barrel, keg or crock. On the bottom of the barrel place a layer of dill weed and a handful of mixed spice. Add another layer of dill and another handful of spice when the barrel is half full, and when almost full add a third layer. If a keg or crock is used, the amount of dill and spice can be reduced in proportion to the size of the receptacle. When the container has ben filled within a few inches of the top, add a layer of covering material—beet tops or grape leaves—about an inch thick. If any spoilage should occur on the surface, this layer will protect the vegetables beneath. Press down with a clean board weighted with bricks or stone. Do not use limestone or sandstone.

Make a brine by adding one pound of salt to ten quarts of water. To each ten quarts of brine so made add two-thirds of a quart of vinegar. The vinegar is used primarily to keep down the growth of injurious bacteria until the lactic acid ferment starts, but it also adds to the flavor. Add sufficient brine to cover the material and allow to stand twenty-four hours. Then make airtight, as described below. The time necessary for complete fermentation to occur depends upon the temperature. In a warm place only five days to a week may be necessary; in a cool cellar three to four weeks.

BEETS AND STRING BEANS—The strings should be removed from string beans before they are put up. Beets, of course, require careful washing to remove all dirt before brining. If it is desired, when finally the beets or string beans are to be eaten, to wash out the brine and serve them as fresh vegetables, the addition of spice when they are put up is not necessary. Proceed as with cucumbers.

THE CONTAINERS AIRTIGHT — There always will be more or less bubbling and foaming of the brine during the first stages of fermentation. After this ceases a thin film will appear which will spread rapidly over the whole surface and develop quickly into a heavy, folded membrane. This scum is a growth of yeast-like organisms which feed upon the acid formed by fermentation. If allowed to grow undisturbed it will eventually destroy all the acid and the fermented material will spoil. To prevent this scum from forming it is necessary to exclude the air from the surface of the brine. This should be done by either of two methods, twenty-four hours after the vegetables have been packed.

Perhaps the best method is to cover the surface—over the board and around the weight—with very hot, melted paraffin. If the paraffin is sufficiently hot to make the brine boil when poured upon it, the paraffin will form a smooth, even layer before hardening. Upon solidifying, it effects an airtight seal. Oils, such as cottonseed oil or the tasteless liquid petroleum, may also be used for this purpose. As a measure of safety with crocks, it is advisable to cover the top with a cloth soaked in melted paraffin. Put the cover in place before the paraffin hardens.

The second method, which may be used with barrels or kegs, is to pack the container as full as possible and then replace the head. In using this method for fermentation of beets, cucumbers or string beans, add the board and weights as described above and allow to stand for twenty-four hours before heading. During this period most of the gas first formed escapes and the container then may be headed up tight, first removing the board and weights. Then bore an inch hole in the head and fill the barrel with brine, allowing no air space. Allow bubbles to escape. Add more brine if possible, and plug the vent tight. If the barrel does not leak, fermented products put up in this manner will keep indefinitely.

After sealing with paraffin the containers should be set where they will not be disturbed until the contents are to be used. Any attempt to remove them from one place to another may break the paraffin seal and necessitate resealing. If the containers are not opened until cold winter weather, the vegetables should keep without spoilage until they are used up. If opened in warm weather they are likely to spoil quite rapidly unless the paraffin is reheated and the container resealed immediately.

A circular describing the fermentation method is now available for distribution from the States Relations Service of the Department of Agriculture.

NO MONEY NEEDED

This suit is yours without a penny's cost. Just send us a postal or letter today. Let us show you how to get it by our easy plan. No experience needed. Be our agent and make

$10 to $15 a Day

in your spare time. It is dead easy—you never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in very latest style. Your choice of 60 fabrics and 32 styles. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring blanks, etc. DON'T WAIT. We prepay Delivery Charges. Mail Postal NOW!

American Woolen Mill Co.
Dept. 606 Chicago

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

No. 9508 Blouse with Pointed Collar, 34 to 42 bust.

No. 9513 Girl's Coat 8 to 14 years.

No. 9487 Surplice Dress 36 to 46 bust.

No. 9490 Empire Coat, 34 to 42 bust.

8827 Combination Corset Cover and Envelope Drawers, 34 to 42 bust.

No. 9514 Evening Dress, sizes 16 and 18 years.

No. 9492 Girl's Pajamas 8 to 14 years.

No. 9496 Set of Jabots one size.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to three Pattern Coupons.

NAME. .....

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Street No.
or R. F. D. .....

Box .....Town.....

This is a.....Subscription. State.....
(New or Renewal)

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

WRITE FOR

CATARRH TREATMENT

FREE

THE NEED

One of the crying evils of the day is the alarming prevalence of Catarrh in the North American Continent.

Catarrh has been misunderstood and neglected. Its victims have tried various methods and treatments, only to meet with failure. They have suffered on in helplessness, until the Catarrh had brought them to the doors of chronic disease and death.

You may not think your case serious, but if you have Catarrh at all, think what it means to be condemned to a lifetime of hawking and spitting slimy mucus—to be forever blowing your nose—to know that friends are made sick by the loathsomeness of your breath—to have that stuffy feeling in your head, and breathe through your mouth—to be rid of one cold, only to take another—to have a dull headache permanently—to suffer every summer with those trying Hay Fever symptoms.

These are some of the annoyances of Catarrh, but, whether you acknowledge it or not, they are only the danger signals to proclaim the approach of serious and deadly diseases.

There is a time coming, when people will no more allow Catarrh to work its ravages in their bodies than they will allow the presence of decaying matter in their homes.

To speed that happy time is the mission of Catarrh Specialist Sproule's treatment.

THE GIFT

This treatment is the result of 30 years spent in the Study and Treatment of Catarrh. This treatment of Catarrh Specialist Sproule's has thousands of cures to its record. It has succeeded where other methods and physicians have failed.

It is based upon right principles. Its simplicity and effectiveness are almost marvelous. It gets right down behind that nasty mucus, and forces it out. You are rid of that annoying watering of the eyes—the constant sneezing and snuffing. In short what you call Hay Fever (but which is in reality, Catarrh) has left you. You feel like a new person, able to enjoy the summer season as you should. Your work will be easy and pleasant, and your smallest pleasures will be joys.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, realizing the great need for relief from Catarrh, has resolved to give away Free, this treatment to all who apply, under the conditions in the next column. If you suffer with Catarrh, this is the chance of a lifetime to get rid of the disease—to be made well and strong.

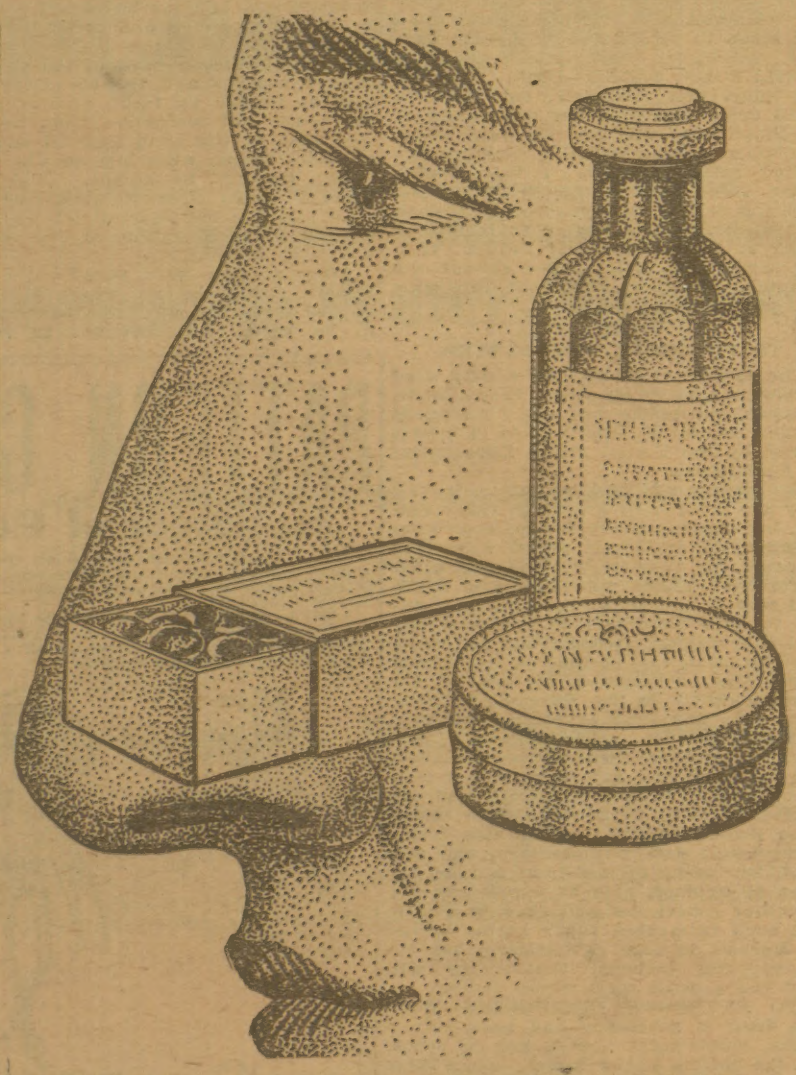
THE GIVER

The man who makes this generous gift is a genuine philanthropist and Specialist.

He graduated with high honors from Dublin University: a University whose standard of scholarship is unexcelled in the world. After graduating, he received an appointment as Surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service. He resigned his Commission to devote his life to the study of Catarrh. For 30 years he has studied it. He has cured thousands of cases over the North American Continent. His success was, and is, so great that he perfected his methods until he could treat patients at a distance.

Today hosts of grateful friends,—former patients—are happy proofs of his ability. He has a sufficiently large practice, from friend recommending friend, to satisfy a man of moderate ambition. But the man who, after securing a brilliant education and a Commission in the Naval Service of England, could give up his life to the cause of alleviating suffering from Catarrh, can't rest satisfied until he has offered the results of his knowledge and skill to all who need it, in every station in life.

It is for this reason he offers Free Treatment for Catarrh to all who apply.



FOR A SHORT TIME TREATMENT FREE

Catarrh Specialist Sproule has gotten ready a limited number of treatments for Catarrh. As long as the supply lasts, he will give away his famous threefold treatment entirely free.

You will see for yourself, the moment you receive a treatment, why it has been so successful. No expense is spared; everything has been considered; the knowledge acquired by thought and successful practice has been applied perfectly. The result is, Catarrh Specialist Sproule's treatment stands without a peer.

All you have to do is to write for a Free Treatment immediately. You had better be among the first, for, on an occasion before, when Catarrh Specialist Sproule made an offer like this, he and his office were almost overwhelmed by requests, and he was forced to stop the distribution.

Remember, this treatment is offered you freely and gladly without any charge.

You will know, from what you have read, something of the life of Catarrh Specialist Sproule. You will understand that he measures his success by the lessening of the Catarrh evil—that he is willing to do more than his share to cure you of Catarrh. It only remains for you to avail yourself of his liberality by sending for a Free Treatment today.

SEND FOR IT TODAY

Sit down now and send a postal card or a note, asking for this Free Treatment. Say—"Please send me your treatment for Catarrh, which you advertise free." Address it to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass. Drop the card or note in the mail box and the treatment will reach you by the next post.

You can never regret asking for this gift. You will bless the day many times over that you saw it.

You certainly WILL regret it, if you don't send for the treatment, if you have Catarrh, for that means you will have missed the latest and best treatment for your trouble—the treatment which has cured thousands of cases like yours.

Don't wait or you may lose your chance. Just sit down and give Catarrh Specialist Sproule the opportunity of showing you how your Catarrh may be cured.

A Chain of Evidence

BETTER THAN FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.

R. F. D. 2, Box 86, St. Charles, Mo.
My Dear Doctor:—You will be glad to know that I am feeling fine, better than for eighteen years. I had a bad case of Catarrh and I tried many remedies, but none of them helped me. Your treatment CURED me, and I consider the remedies wonderful. I cannot express my thanks plain enough to you. You did your best for me. You cured me and I will never forget you as long as I live. Your friend and patient.
LOUIS LOEFFERT.

FEELS LIKE A NEW PERSON

Rhodesdale, Md.
Dear Doctor Sproule:—You will be glad to know that I am still feeling well in every way, shape and form. I am glad that I wrote you concerning my Catarrh for I feel like a new person since you cured me of that terrible disease. I cannot say too much about what you did for me. I am in the best of health and both looking and feeling fine. I can truly recommend you to anyone who wishes to be cured of Catarrh. Hoping you will have continued success in your good work, I am. Yours very truly,
JAMES D. COLLISON.

SAVED HER LIFE.

In a letter to Dr. Sproule, Mrs. O. V. Holmes, of Summit City, Mich., writes: "I had suffered all my lifetime from Catarrh, and it seemed that the dread disease was approaching a fatal end; but after taking your treatment I can publish to the world what wonderful things you have dong for me. I am CURED, and everybody tells me how well I am looking. I am so happy." This was 10 years ago and she is still in the best of health. She says herself. "I am well, always well; and I look and feel younger than I did 12 years ago."

ENJOYING PERFECT HEALTH.

1507 Elm St., Rockford, Ill.
My Dear Dr. Sproule: I am now enjoying happiness where I once labored under sorrow. YOU SAVED MY LIFE. May the Lord bless you for your care and kindness and the great good you have done me. My husband is grateful now that I used my own judgment. I can truthfully say it has been a wonderful cure. I have a new lease of life. The Catarrh is gone, my throat is cured, my nerves steady.
MRS. J. W. FOLGATE.

Read the above testimonials—then read the following questions carefully. If you have some of these symptoms, if you have any of the symptoms commonly called Hay Fever, you need treatment at once, and you may be restored to health and happiness by Catarrh Specialist Sproule's treatment, just as these people were. Profit by their example, and send for free treatment immediately.

Do you snuffle?
Is your breath foul?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Write **CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE**

(Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service)

306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

NOTE.—We have known Catarrh Specialist Sproule personally for some years, and are acquainted with his very successful methods. We wish to urge all readers who have Catarrh, to write him and secure his treatment which he is offering free, and are quite sure you will never regret this step.